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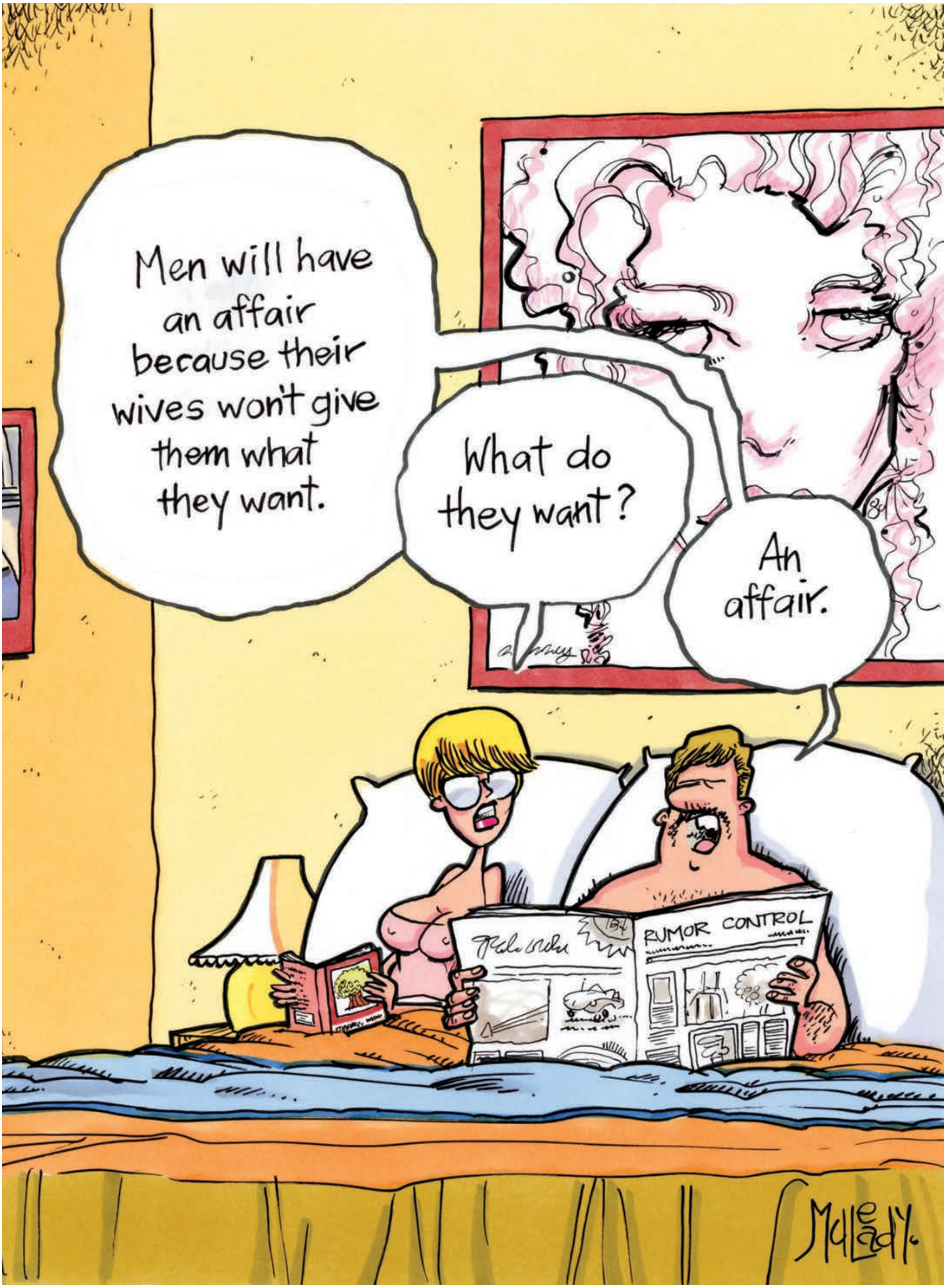
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What do they want?
An affair.
RUMOR CONTROL
McLeady.

MARCH 2020
Volume 46 Number 11
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CONTENTS

18

34

60

18 **ALEX DE LA FLOR**
Flower Power
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

34 **MAZZY GRACE**
Fearless
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

50 **ARIA SKY**
Sky's The Limit
Photography by
Larry Flynt Productions

60 **ANNY AURORA**
Lightsome
Photography by Victor Lightworship

88 **ROMI RAIN**
Group Groupie
Photography by
Larry Flynt Productions

128 **LACEY**
Streaming for Vengeance
Classic Photography
by Clive McLean

28 **SWINGING HACIENDA-STYLE: A CELEBRATION OF SEX**
The Hacienda is more than a New York City sex club. It's an "intentional community" of libidinous people who promote polyamory and sex-positivity while regularly hosting educational presentations, erotic events and kickass orgies. Researcher T.S. Farley heads to Brooklyn to investigate this sweet scene. Photography by Casper Monroe.

46 **HOT LETTERS**
Golden showers, an airport rendezvous, fucking with food, lez sex on a lifeguard stand and more! Your hottest letters—uncensored.

74 **SMOOTH OPERATOR**
Phone sex might seem like an anachronism, especially in the age of social media and HD streaming, but guess what: It's alive and well, booming in fact, with a bottom line to the tune of eight figures annually. Reporter John Blaylock interviews three renowned operators who talk the talk.

104 **BIG BUTT VOLLEYBALL BUSH BABES**
Join Michele James, Winter Jade, Gia Derza and Chloe Cherry for a game of spiking and balling, and enjoy our best butt-bush-babe photos yet. Courtesy HUSTLER Video.

28

74

104

7 **PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
9 **ROBERT SCHEER**
11 **BRAD FRIEDMAN**
13 **ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**
14 **BITS & PIECES**
72 **HUSTLER HUMOR**
82 **HARDCORE SHOWCASE**
96 **BEAVER HUNT**
136 **COMING SOON**

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 46, No. 11, March 2020. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in June by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2020 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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Cover photo by Victor Lightworship
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

THE CRUCIFIXION OF KATIE HILL

It was the very definition of a political travesty when Katie Hill, a first-term Democratic representative from California, resigned after explicit private photos of her were published by the right-wing website RedState. The site alleged an inappropriate affair with a legislative aide. The photos were reportedly supplied by Ms. Hill's estranged husband, and the geeks at RedState had actually worked for Hill's Republican opponent in the last election. Their goal was to take her down. They succeeded only because Ms. Hill was too humiliated to continue and the Democratic leadership refused to put up a fight, worried more about the optics of the scandal than the substance of it.

RedState alleged a sexual affair between Hill and her male legislative director, which is against House rules. The rules were implemented as part of the #MeToo movement to stop the long history of predatory behavior of mostly male politicians with their female underlings. Katie strenuously denies that she had an affair with him, although she admits to a sexual relationship between herself, her husband and a female campaign staffer—*which is not against House rules.* The photos show Katie sitting naked behind the female staffer, brushing her hair; another has the two fully clothed, kissing; a third shows Katie hitting a bong.

Okay, not exactly the publicity you want for any political office in America. But there was absolutely nothing illegal or immoral in what Katie Hill did: a consensual relationship with another woman who was not working in her office. And the bong? Pot is legal in California. Plus, she insists that the photos were taken without her consent or knowledge by her now-estranged husband, who successfully used them as "revenge porn."

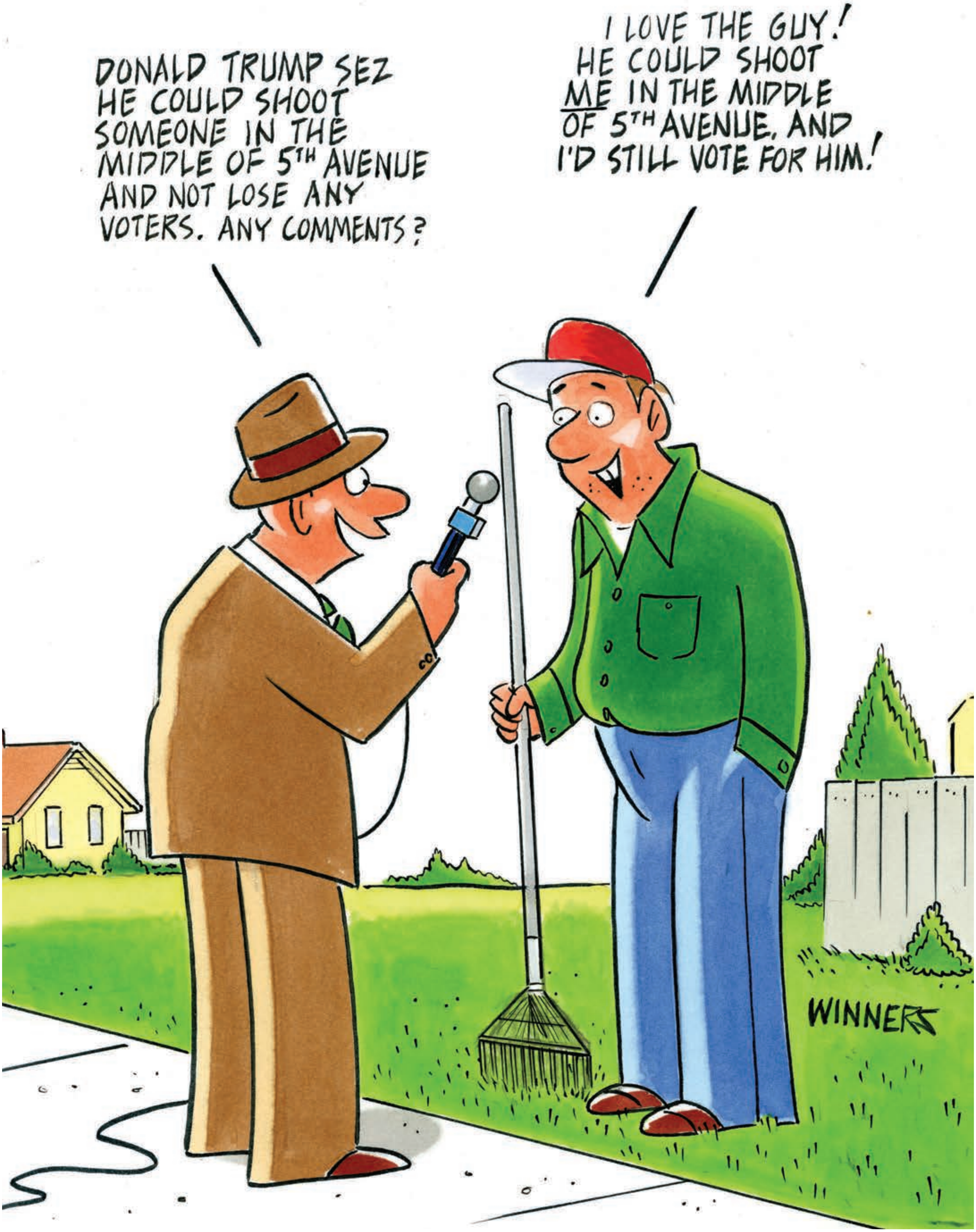
Ms. Hill stated the real reason for her resignation in her farewell speech: "I am leaving because of a misogynistic culture that gleefully consumed my naked pictures, capitalized on my sexuality and enabled my abusive ex to continue that abuse, this time with the entire country watching."

"There are two Hill stories, and they shouldn't be conflated," news site *The Cut* noted. "One is a scandal and the other is a crime. Hill's choice to engage in an inappropriate relationship with a subordinate doesn't change the fact that she was the victim of revenge porn." Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez further observed, "This doesn't happen to male members in the same way."

Indeed it doesn't. Another California congressman, GOP Representative Duncan Hunter, committed massive campaign fraud, including using contributions to fund two illegal affairs with female staffers, and he's still clinging to office. The disgraced pedophile Roy Moore is unabashedly running for office again in Alabama. And of course the leader of the pack—accused of more than 20 cases of sexual harassment and assault—is still occupying the White House.

No, Ms. Hill should not have resigned, not as long as these GOP assholes are still running amok. She should have stood her ground. But she felt pressured to resign by her own party. This cannot continue. If we lose more good Democrats like Katie Hill and Al Franken to absurd purity tests, we'll never get the majority necessary to fight the Republicans on Capitol Hill and make progressive change a reality.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


DONALD TRUMP SEZ HE COULD SHOOT SOMEONE IN THE MIDDLE OF 5TH AVENUE AND NOT LOSE ANY VOTERS. ANY COMMENTS?
I LOVE THE GUY! HE COULD SHOOT ME IN THE MIDDLE OF 5TH AVENUE, AND I'D STILL VOTE FOR HIM!
WINNERS

THE ENDLESS INSANITY OF WAR

SYRIA IS YET ANOTHER COUNTRY WHERE AN ACTIVE U.S. MILITARY PRESENCE VIOLATES OUR CONSTITUTION.

Sending troops to war, to be killed and kill others, ought to be a big deal. That's why the framers of the U.S. Constitution stipulated that while the President is the commander in chief, America's armed forces could not be deployed without the approval of Congress—an *official* declaration of war. But for the past 70 years the executive and legislative branches of the U.S. government have acted in violation of that specific language of the Constitution, and the results have been disastrous.

Since the 1950 start of the Korean War, which was never officially declared by Congress, U.S, Presidents have been committing troops to prolonged, undeclared wars in which millions have died and many millions more have had their lives uprooted as refugees. On October 16, 2019, Democrats in the House of Representatives—supposedly the people's branch of government—took chronic Congressional irresponsibility to its most absurd point.

That's the day when every single Democrat in the House and all but 60 Republicans stood together. They passed a bipartisan resolution condemning President Donald Trump's decision to withdraw some U.S. troops from Syria, where our military had been engaged thanks to his predecessor. President Barack Obama had gotten the United States involved in Syria's civil war by supporting rebel forces as part of yet another foolish regime-change scheme.

It is a stupid policy that has been ongoing ever since Ronald Reagan decided to arm Osama bin Laden's Islamic "freedom fighters" during the now-dismantled Soviet Union's occupation of Afghanistan. This eventually led to the bin Laden-ordered 9/11 terrorist attacks on U.S. soil and continued with the Obama Administration's attempt to oust Syria's dictatorial ruler. Despite his many faults, including the use of chemical weapons, Bashar al-Assad was and still is a secular opponent of Sunni terrorists in the region.

The point here is that the active U.S. military presence in Syria—like all of its counterparts in the Middle East and Afghanistan—was never authorized by a vote in Congress and therefore illegal by the standards of our Constitution. That grotesque violation of U.S. law at the highest level never bothered the vast majority of Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill. They were only moved to action when President Trump decided to remove troops from a battle zone that Congress had never authorized him or President Obama to put there in the first place.

Amazingly, while five dozen Republicans refrained from criticizing Trump's decision to redeploy those troops elsewhere in Syria and Iraq, no Democrat supported that sensible move, which the President as commander in chief was empowered to make. The list includes Representative Tulsi Gabbard (D-Hawaii).

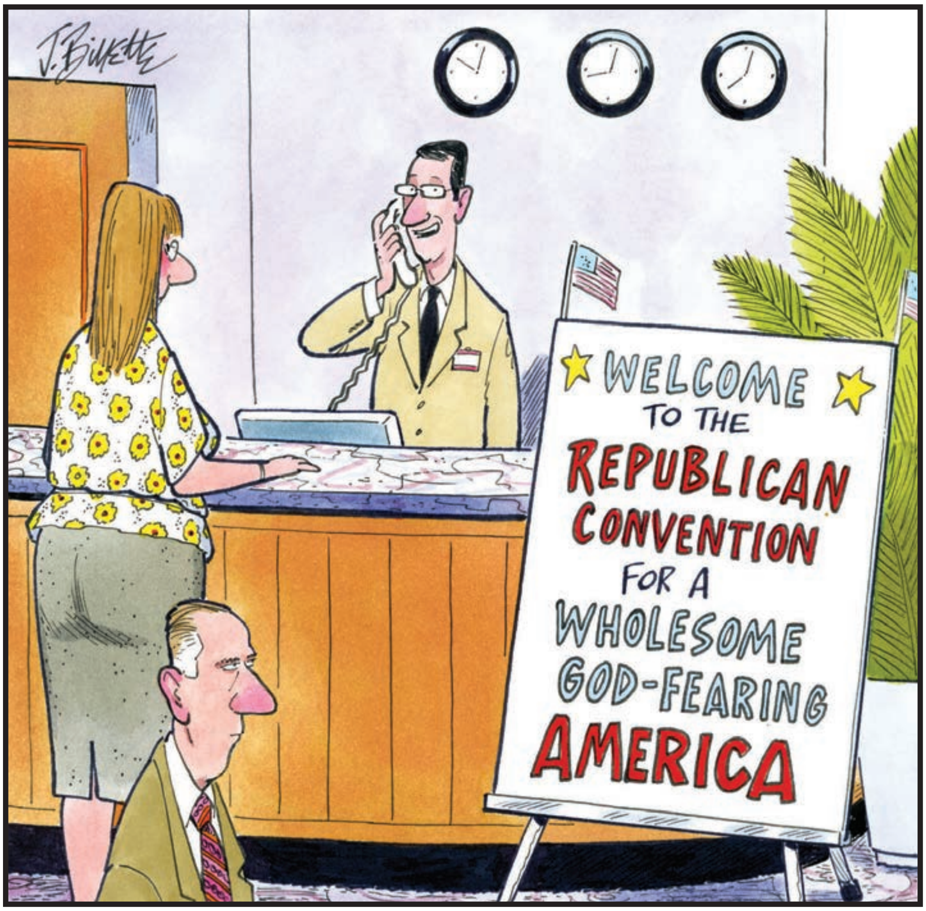
A combat veteran and major in the U.S. Army Reserves, she had previously condemned the involvement of U.S. troops in these "forever" wars. Perhaps Gabbard had been intimidated by Democratic Party leaders who have bought Hillary Clinton's slanderous contention that the Hawaiian lawmaker was a "Russian asset." Gabbard is simply an outspoken critic of this country's regime-change war policy, which Clinton—as Obama's secretary of state—had helped implement regarding Syria.

There you have the heart of this immoral paradox. President Obama's decision to send troops to Syria with the aim of overthrowing the al-Assad regime was never approved by Congress. But when Obama's successor, Donald Trump, decided to cut back on that unconstitutional deployment of troops, he was roundly assailed by the Democrats' entire House contingent. Having a majority, their party is supposed to provide a check on the executive-branch excesses of a Republican President.

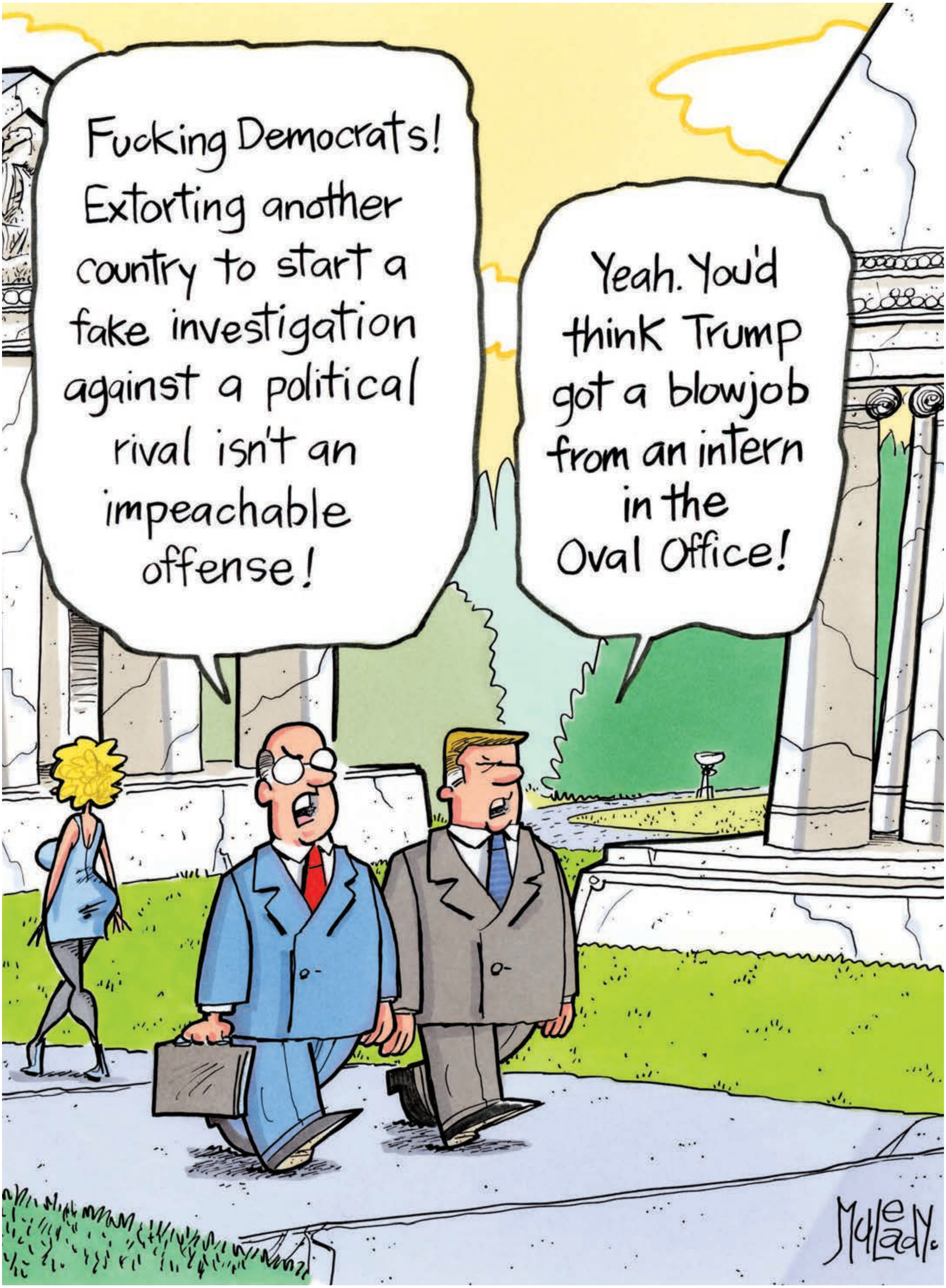
None of this is really new. For seven decades U.S. troops have been unconstitutionally dispatched to fight wars that make no sense, yet are incredibly destructive and have resulted in enormous federal government debt. This obvious insanity only met serious objection when our country had a draft and those who did not view military service as a needed job opportunity were put at risk.

Now that the draft is a distant memory—the military has been all-voluntary since 1973—politicians and the voters who elect them have come to view war as just another video game. Inanimate objects, armed with massive firepower, are deployed to deal widespread death and mayhem while the armchair warriors manipulating the action figures on the screen are never put in harm's way. It is sick.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*


J. Bilette
WELCOME TO THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION FOR A WHOLESOME GOD-FEARING AMERICA

"Good evening, Senator! Yes, sir, you'll find porn on channels 34 through 46!"


Fucking Democrats! Extorting another country to start a fake investigation against a political rival isn't an impeachable offense!
Yeah. You'd think Trump got a blowjob from an intern in the Oval Office!
McLeady.

ABOUT HER EMAILS

HOW DONALD TRUMP AND THE MEDIA PLAYED YOU FOR FOOLS… AND STILL DO.

"This is bigger than Watergate!" 2016 Presidential candidate Donald Trump promised. "We have only seen the tip of the iceberg!" he warned. "She should be in prison!" he bellowed, targeting his opponent Hillary Clinton. "She shouldn't be allowed to run!" he railed again and again, at event after event, touching off ear-splitting chants of "LOCK HER UP! LOCK HER UP! LOCK HER UP!," which seemed to reverberate all the way from the height of Hitler's rallies in Nazi Germany to Trump's devoted throngs in 2016.

It was the "scandal" that arguably handed Trump the White House. Republicans happily tossed their brains out of the window to join the phony outrage regarding Clinton. As secretary of state, she supposedly endangered the nation by using a private email server for government business, potentially exposing some of this country's most classified secrets in the bargain. Media coverage even spooked some Democrats into fearing that Clinton might be indicted were she to become our next President.

Of course, as a very few of us in the media were trying to tell you at the time, it was all bullshit. All of it. Now even Trump's own State Department agrees.

As you may have heard (though probably not), the State Department's probe into the "Clinton email scandal" finally came to an end. Not with a bang or an arrest or a frog march or an iceberg, but with barely a whimper: a brief headline posted to the internet late on a Friday night and buried in a few Saturday newspapers.

The New York Times reported, on page 16, that the last of the many investigations into the matter had ended. Not much better, *The Washington Post* slapdashed its story onto page 6. Both papers noted that the three-year investigation, including interviews with hundreds of witnesses and tens of thousands of records examined, found "no persuasive evidence of systemic, deliberate mishandling of classified information" by Clinton or anybody else at the State Department. As noted, it was all bullshit from the jump.

Clinton's email controversy "rolled for months and months" on the front pages of every paper in America in the run-up to the fateful 2016 election, media critic Eric Boehlert told me. "If you look at *The Washington Post*—print and online—they were publishing *two* Clinton email stories *every day* for the month of September. The network newscasts—ABC, CBS, NBC—for the campaign year of 2016 devoted 100 minutes to Clinton emails. They devoted a third of that, 32 minutes, for all the policy coverage for the entire campaign."

Boehlert is right. Analyses by Columbia and Harvard universities found the faux controversy received more coverage by corporate media than any other topic during the 2016 Presidential campaign. *Columbia Journalism Review*'s analysis observed that "in just six days, *The New York Times* ran as many cover stories about Hillary Clinton's emails as they did about all policy issues combined in the 69 days leading up to the election."

"She was the policy candidate and got virtually no coverage," Boehlert argued. "Why is that? Because the press had invented an entire category for Clinton email. So there was no time left. There were no inches left in the newspaper. There were no hours left on television. The whole thing was bogus, but they went with it."

Even though it was not against the law at the time Clinton did it, Boehlert conceded that her use of a private email server "was a legitimate story." But "there's a way to cover the story, and there's a way to not lose your mind. The press did the latter."

It was, in his opinion, "media malpractice on a blockbuster scale." Not unlike another deadly media blunder involving nonexistent weapons of mass destruction (WMD) in Iraq. During the run-up to a disastrous war, warnings from those of us who bothered to examine the actual facts were also ignored.

At least when it became clear the media had gotten it all wrong regarding Iraq's WMD, there was a fair amount of hand-wringing, self-examination and apologies from the duped outlets. To date, there has been no similar self-analyses from the corporate media as to how it got a news story so terribly wrong again. That horrendous failure has helped to drive our very republic to the brink of collapse through the election of a con man clearly unfit to be elected to a local school board, much less the Presidency of the United States.

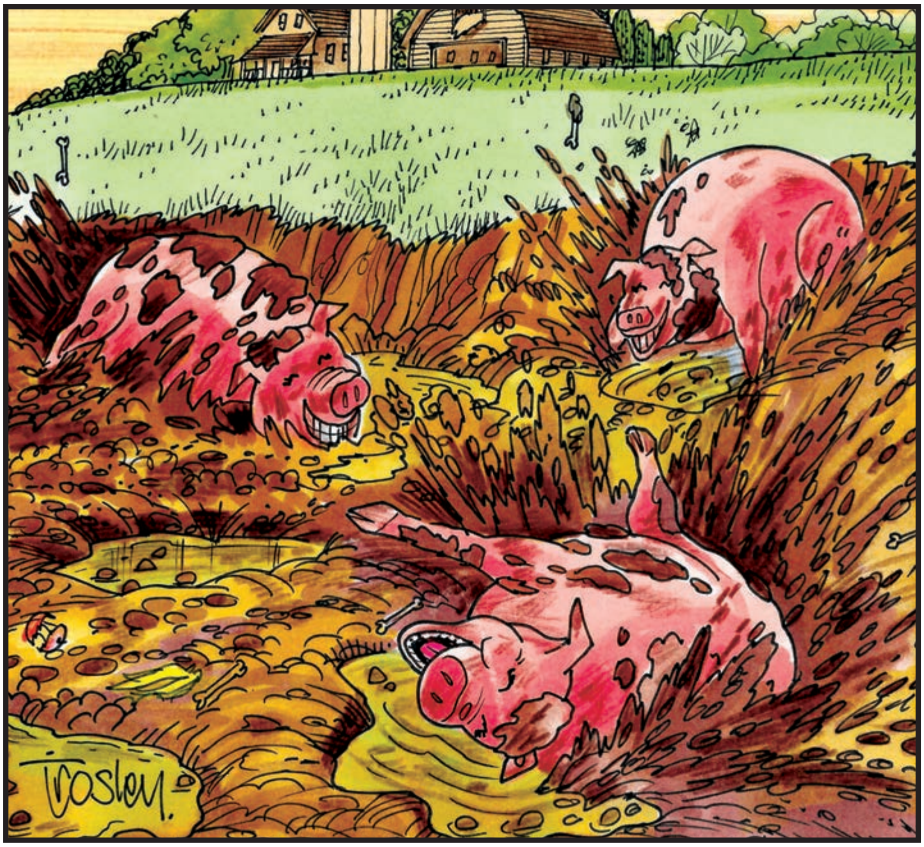
Of course, if you—or the corporate media—are still worried about the possibility of an official putting our national secrets at risk from hackers, you're welcome to grab your pitchforks and torches. Since Trump took office, at least nine of his top officials have used private email servers for government business, according to the Justice Department's inspector general, the individuals' attorneys and evidence revealed by Freedom of Information Act requests.

The list includes Trump's daughter Ivanka and son-in-law Jared Kushner, former chief White House strategist Steve Bannon, former Chief of Staff Reince Priebus, former economic adviser Gary Cohen, former Deputy National Security Adviser K.T. McFarland, current White House aide Stephen Miller, Secretary of Education Betsy DeVos and Secretary of Commerce Wilbur Ross.

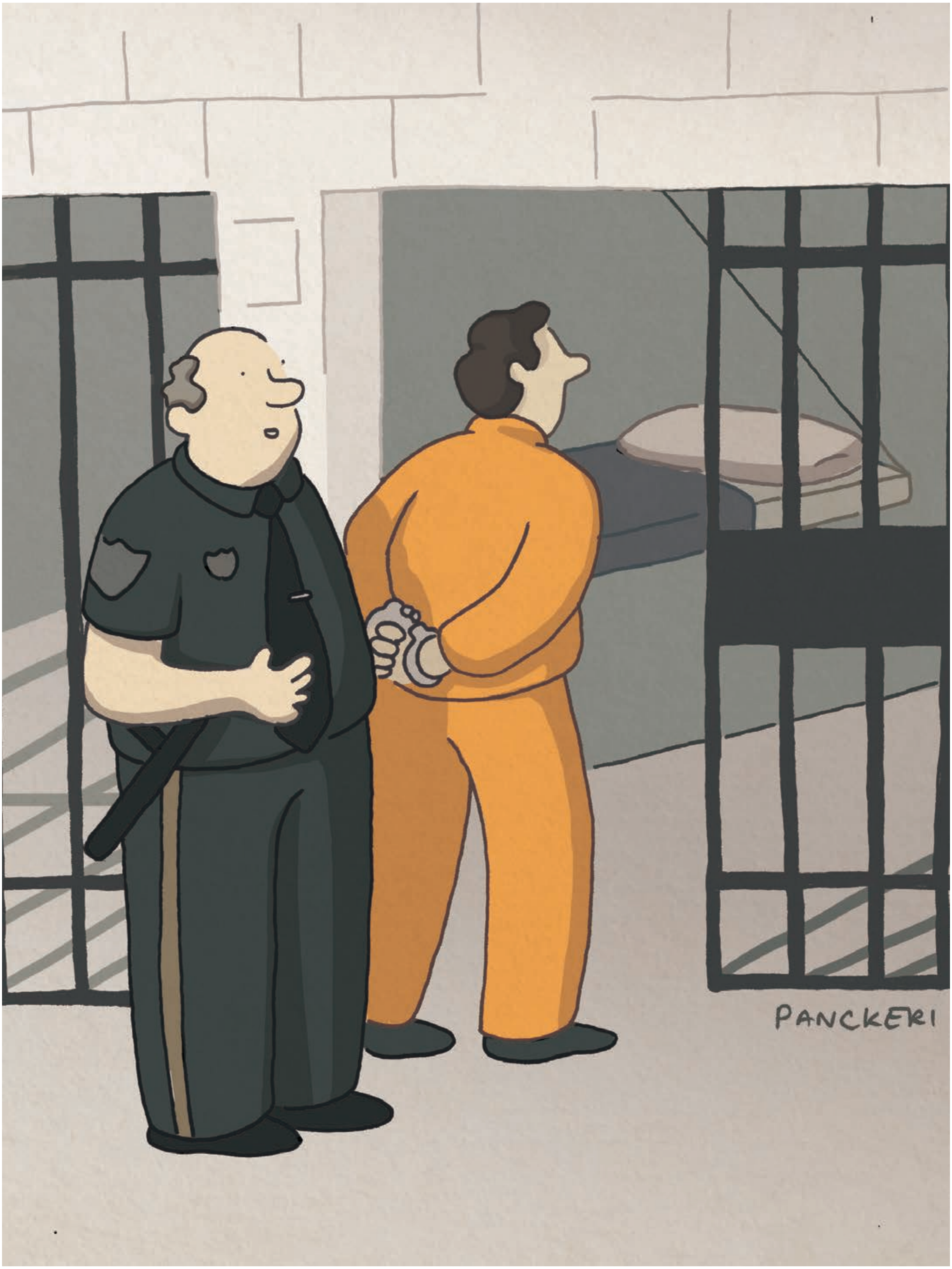
To make matters worse, Congressional investigators found that Ivanka and Jared used private texting apps to share potentially classified government information with foreign officials. And, unlike during Clinton's tenure as secretary of state, the use of private email servers is now a crime—not merely a political issue for a gullible campaign mob or irresponsible press.

This may not be Watergate, but it's certainly the tip of an entirely corrupt iceberg. Lock them up!

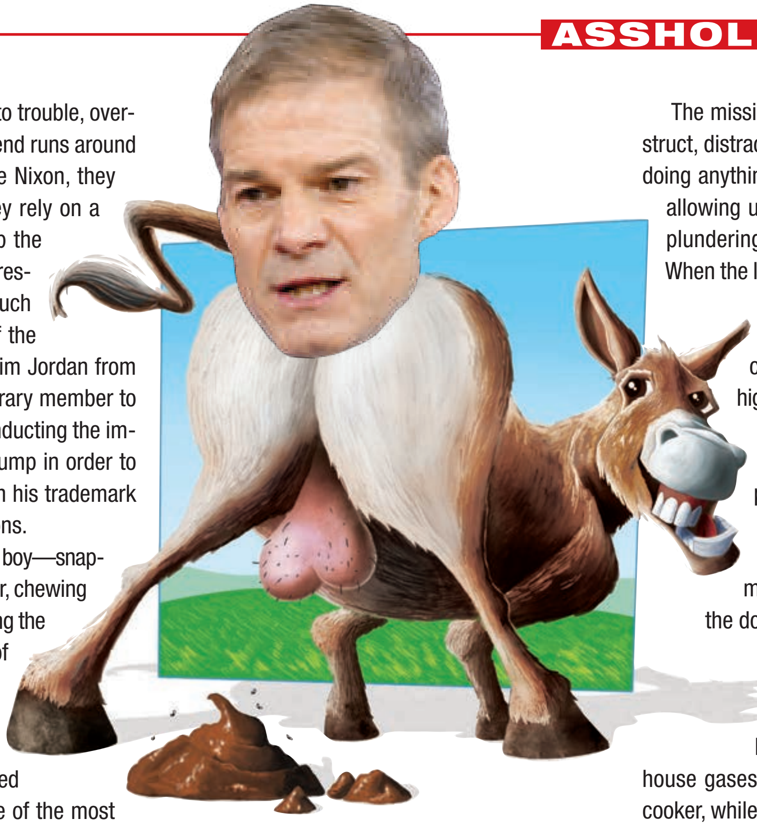
Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Don't you love rolling in mud and garbage?! I'm as happy as a Republican!"



“We’ve nicknamed this cell block the West Wing.”



JIM JORDAN

Whenever Republicans get into trouble, overstep their authority and do end runs around the law—which, ever since Nixon, they seem to think is their privilege—they rely on a few vicious attack dogs to muddy up the scandal and derail the inevitable Congressional hearings. There's a kennel of such GOP attack dogs in Congress. One of the loudest mongrels is Representative Jim Jordan from Ohio, who was appointed as a temporary member to the House Intelligence Committee conducting the impeachment inquiry against Donald Trump in order to monkey-wrench the proceedings with his trademark growls, snarls and baseless distractions.

Toss him a T-bone; he's been a good boy—snapping at witnesses like a surly Rottweiler, chewing their words into mincemeat, and pushing the absurd narrative that Donald Trump, of all people, held up Congressionally approved aid to Ukraine not because he wanted a quid pro quo for dirt on Joe Biden, but because he was *so* concerned about corruption! True, Ukraine is one of the most corrupt countries on Earth, but with Trump's long history of defrauding contractors, students and banks while rigging the books to cheat on taxes, our President would feel right at home there. The record is clear: Trump held up the aid while pressuring new Ukrainian president Volodymyr Zelensky to dig up dirt on Biden and released it only after Congressional and media spotlights focused on the scandal.

How do we know for sure that Trump's "corruption concerns" were bullshit? Look at how he handled Saudi Arabia after journalist Jamal Khashoggi was murdered in Saudi Arabia's Istanbul consulate: with kid gloves. He even approved sharing nuclear energy technology with Saudi Arabia without any kind of holdup. If he's that flippant about hacking up a *Washington Post* columnist with a bone saw, can anyone seriously believe that he's hypersensitive about hypothetical corruption in Ukraine by a president who had only been in office a few months?

Jordan pretends to think so, and he wants the whole country to swallow this farce. But the real farce was when Jordan led a pack of Republican strays to barge into the closed impeachment hearings that preceded the public hearings. The pack claimed that the inquiry was being held in a supersecret star chamber, but Jordan and others, as members of Congress, already had total access to the hearings. It was really nothing but a stupid publicity stunt. Even Lindsey Graham called the committee crashers "nuts."

But all of this is true to character for Jordan. Before he was elected to national office in 2006, he served as an assistant wrestling coach at Ohio State University (OSU) while the team physician, Dr. Richard Strauss, sexually preyed on student wrestlers. The doctor would force them to endure prolonged and unnecessary groin exams, repeatedly fondled them and even masturbated in the shower in front of them. Jordan denies knowing anything about the doctor's abusive behavior, even though his locker was adjacent to Strauss's and several former wrestlers stated that they discussed the problem in his presence. According to a lawsuit filed on behalf of a wrestling referee and 42 additional plaintiffs, the referee told Jordan that Strauss had whacked off in front of him in the shower. Jordan simply replied, "Yeah, that's Strauss." No big deal, let the pervert do his thing. Another former OSU wrestler, Mike DiSabato, states that Jordan's denials are "frankly unbelievable" and "beyond comprehension." Yet "Gym" Jordan continues to insist that his accusers are pawns in a political plot "sequenced and orchestrated by the Left"—even though some of those same accusers contributed to his political campaigns and voted for him!

If a Democrat faced the same sordid revelations, he or she would almost certainly resign in shame, without waiting for the voters to render their judgment. Hell, even longtime Penn State football coach Joe Paterno resigned after the revelations about Jerry Sandusky's serial abuses. But shame seems to be an alien emotion for Republicans like Jordan, Duncan Hunter, Dennis Hastert and so many others.

At his core Jimmy Boy is a pure, unadulterated Asshole. And if you don't want to take our word for it, listen to a couple of members from his own party: former Republican House speaker, John Boehner, called him "an asshole" and "a terrorist as a legislator going back to his days in the Ohio house and senate." Jordan chairs the House Freedom Caucus (HFC), a tribe of the furthest right-wingnuts in Congress. A senior GOP aide said, "They're not legislators; they're just assholes," and the "prospect of getting something done just scares them away or pisses them off."

The mission of Jordan and the HFC is simple: obstruct, distract and divert evil "big government" from doing anything to solve the nation's problems, while allowing underregulated corporations to continue plundering a dazed and confused middle class. When the late Democratic chair of the House Oversight Committee, Elijah Cummings, requested information on how pharmaceutical companies set their ridiculously high drug prices, Jordan told the companies to stonewall him, because such info made public might harm their stock prices! Now you know who he really represents, and it ain't your ill American grandmother who can't afford lifesaving medications that often sell for a penny on the dollar in other countries.

On the environment, Jordan is a one-man demolition squad, voting to prohibit the Environmental Protection Agency from regulating greenhouse gases as the whole planet turns into a slow cooker, while voting against tax credits for renewable electricity and energy conservation and against reducing subsidies for oil and gas exploration. Now you know who he really represents: J.R. Ewing and company, not your children and grandchildren, who will be struggling with the devastating consequences of climate change.

In 2013, when the U.S. Army told Congress, "No thanks. We don't need any more Abrams M1 tanks," because there were warehouses full of undeployed ones gathering dust, Jordan led the fight to appropriate $436 million for more of them. "The one area where we are supposed to spend taxpayer money is in defense of the country," he explained with a straight face, hoping most people wouldn't remember that the main Abrams tank plant just happens to be in his Ohio district. Oh, yes, these GOP deficit hawks are all against pork—unless the barrel sits in their own backyard!

Jordan has a particular contempt for the House Oversight Committee, whether it's investigating abuses in the pharmaceutical industry, the conditions of immigration camps on our southern border or any other outrage in the nation. When the committee held hearings on those camps, citing two inspector general reports that migrants, including children, had no access to showers, clean clothes or hot meals—as in a Nazi concentration camp—Jordan said it was, again, just an overblown hysteria by "the Left" and that the reports were "unsubstantiated." Clearly, Jordan doesn't give a rat fuck about those human beings because they're not American citizens—and they're not white American citizens.

But the final chit in Jordan's Asshole tally is this: He loves Donald Trump and will do anything to guard his master from shame or accountability. Asked by Anderson Cooper if he had ever heard Trump tell a lie, Jimmy replied, "I have not…nothing comes to mind." No, you can't recognize the world-record liar in the Oval Office if your mind is a whore hive of wingnut delusions and deceptions, for sale to the highest corporate bidder. H

PHOTO BY ZUMA PRESS, INC./ALAMY

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IN PRAISE OF STREAKING

Remember the Instagram model who flashed her breasts at Houston Astros pitcher Gerrit Cole during Game 5 of the World Series? Say what you will about this cheap publicity stunt, those boobs are now forever enshrined in history, her perky nipples now part of our collective consciousness/spank bank.

But Julia Rose, 25, is hardly the first flasher to free her sweater kittens in front of a nationally televised audience; nor will she be the last. Rather, Rose simply joined the illustrious tradition of flashing and streaking, acts of defiance that have successfully derailed virtually every major event imaginable.

From politics to sports to entertainment, here are some highlights in the history of untethered tatas and free willies flapping in the breeze:

13th Century, Lady Godiva: The original streaker? According to legend, the English noblewoman rode naked on horseback, covered only by her hair, through the streets of Coventry to protest a tax hike.

1974, students at the University of Texas: It can be argued that campus streaking, as it's known today, can be traced back to an iconic photo of a naked male student, clad only in a cowboy hat and boots, sprinting buck naked during a "streak-in." Many, *many* more student bodies would follow suit.

1974, nudity at the Oscars: What a banner year for streaking! As David Niven was introducing Elizabeth Taylor at the 1974 Academy Awards ceremony, streaker Robert Opel darted past him holding a peace sign. Always on point, Niven quipped, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, that was almost bound to happen. But isn't it fascinating to think that probably the only laugh that man will ever get in his life is by stripping off and showing his shortcomings?"

1996, the first streaker at Wimbledon: Streaking takes on a whole new dimension of subversiveness when you do it at an event where the Queen herself is often in attendance. Melissa Johnson, a 23-year-old student, pranced into our hearts during the men's singles final between MaliVai Washington and Richard Krajicek, who both smiled ear to ear.

2012, The Cardinals-Phillies streak: It's a bit of a rarity at MLB games, which sort of makes it all the more special. Was it all for fame and glory? Not quite, as it turned out that 22-year-old Collin Grundstrom of Jefferson City had lost a bet. Not one to dishonor a social contract, he shed his clothes just before the start of the seventh inning and stepped barefoot into infamy.

"Marriage requires searing honesty at all costs. I learned that from my third wife." —ALAN ARKIN, ACTOR

THE KOMINSKY METHOD LOVES AMBER LYNN

Fans of the Netflix comedy *The Kominsky Method*, which returned for its second season on October 25, received an extra-special treat as they caught up with Sandy Kominsky, Norman Newlander—and a classic HUSTLER pictorial.

Eagle-eyed enthusiasts of the series—and America's Magazine—likely felt their jaws drop (and their dicks rise) as Episode 5 unfolded and offered a peek into the porn-purveying history of acting coach Sandy Kominsky (played by Michael Douglas). We have to say, Sandy—you have great taste.

During the episode, after Sandy is diagnosed with a serious illness, his doctor asks him if there's anyone he can think of who can help see him through his health crisis. At this point, images of the important people in Kominsky's life flash on the screen—including XXX legend Amber Lynn, via a photo from her April '90 HUSTLER photoshoot. If that doesn't help a guy forget he's facing a life-threatening disease, nothing will.

It's worth noting that the April '90 HUSTLER was a virtual Amber-palooza. In addition to the pictorial—titled "Both Ends Smokin'"—the issue also included a fanciful piece of fiction, "Planet of the Amber Lynns," which depicted shock-TV host Morton Downey Jr. as the Pope as he, um, enjoyed one of Lynn's video offerings.

It's also worth noting that the Chuck Lorre-produced *The Kominsky Method* isn't the only Netflix offering to feature HUSTLER; *The Naked Director*, which chronicles the rise of a Japanese porn mogul, has also flashed bits of America's Magazine.

But worth noting most of all: The April '90 Amber Lynn pictorial is reprinted in all its glory in the December '19 HUSTLER. Get your copy today at **HustlerNewsstand.com**.

ANGELA WHITE DOES HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD

How better to spend your Friday night than in the presence of porn royalty?

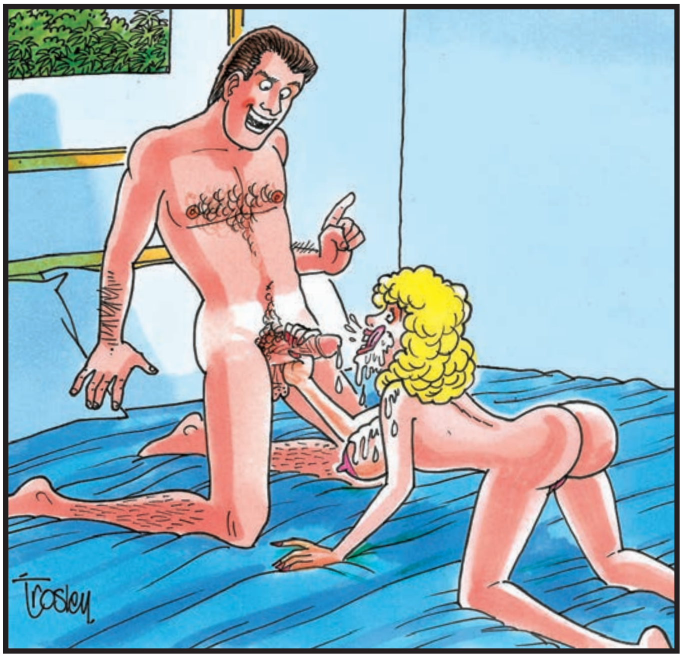
HUSTLER Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard location was recently packed with eager fans as XXX superstar Angela White dropped in to press the flesh and sign autographs for her loving followers.

The event brought White devotees to HUSTLER Hollywood en masse. The first 50 attendees received a free goodie bag of sexy little things, while everyone on hand enjoyed meeting the Australian-born adult-film phenomenon. Though the line extended out the door for much of the evening, fans waited patiently, and White made it well worth the wait, graciously chatting and smiling for pics with each and every one of them.

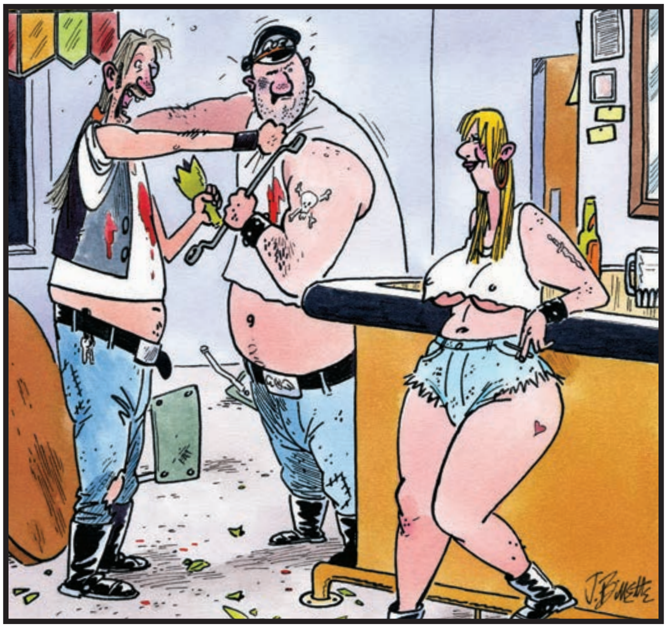
If you couldn't make it to the event, don't feel too bad. You can enjoy Angela's sizzling photoshoot in HUSTLER's 45th Anniversary Issue, or catch up on her latest activities by going to **HUSTLERMagazine.com** and reading our recent interview with the great Angela White.

PHOTOS BY GORDON@EMMREPORT.COM

HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD
ANGELA WHITE



"Plus, it's gluten-free!"



"Wait a minute—I *know* her!
She'll fuck both of us!"

"I realized that if I wanted sex, I needed to develop the courage to ask for it." —**ANGELA WHITE, XXX SUPERSTAR**

CELEB SKIN: STARS WHO STRIPPED

PHOTO BY ADRIAN SHERRATT/ALAMY

Move over J.Lo and company. We're not interested in celebrities doing impressions of strippers—we want the real thing. And none of that Hollywood burlesque nonsense either. It's pole or nothing as HUSTLER recaps the famous faces and bodies you may or may not have known to dabble in the erotic arts.

Let's get the obvious stuff out of the way right now: Of course you know about Channing Tatum and Cardi B, but how can you not? It's practically their brand and at this point is something we accept at face value. And while most don't go out of their way to hide it, there are a few names that may nonetheless cause your eyebrows to suddenly jut upward as you belch forth an involuntary "Huh!"

Let's start slow and obvious. Before she hooked up with doomed grunge rock god Kurt Cobain, Courtney Love worked as a dancer at clubs like Jumbo's Clown Room and Seventh Veil. Love says she averaged about $300 a day, which was just enough to kickstart her band Hole. Read into that what you will.

How about an Oscar winner? Specifically, did you know that *No Country for Old Men*'s Javier Bardem once did a brief stint displaying his body for cash? The best part (or worst, depending on how you look at it) was how supportive his family was, with his mother and sister cheering him on in the crowd. And in case you're feeling weird right now, don't worry—he never actually took it all off and still maintains a great relationship with his family to this day.

But wait, there's more! How about *Guardians of the Galaxy* hero and Schwarzenegger stepson Chris Pratt, who used to live in a van and make extra cash on the side showing off his pre-action-star bod? Never one to turn down a gig, he once received a $40 payday for performing at a grandmother's birthday party. *Cha-ching!*

And who can forget a pre-*Fame* Lady Gaga? A Tony Award shy of EGOT-ing, Gaga dropped out of art school and supported herself by dancing at night. Oh, to be a patron at that dark club, watching an icon tear it up in black leather while dancing to the strains of Black Sabbath and Faith No More…so rock 'n' roll, it hurts.

GROUP MASTURBATION: THE HEALING TOUCH?

"Masturbation! The amazing availability of it!" —*JAMES JOYCE, AUTHOR*

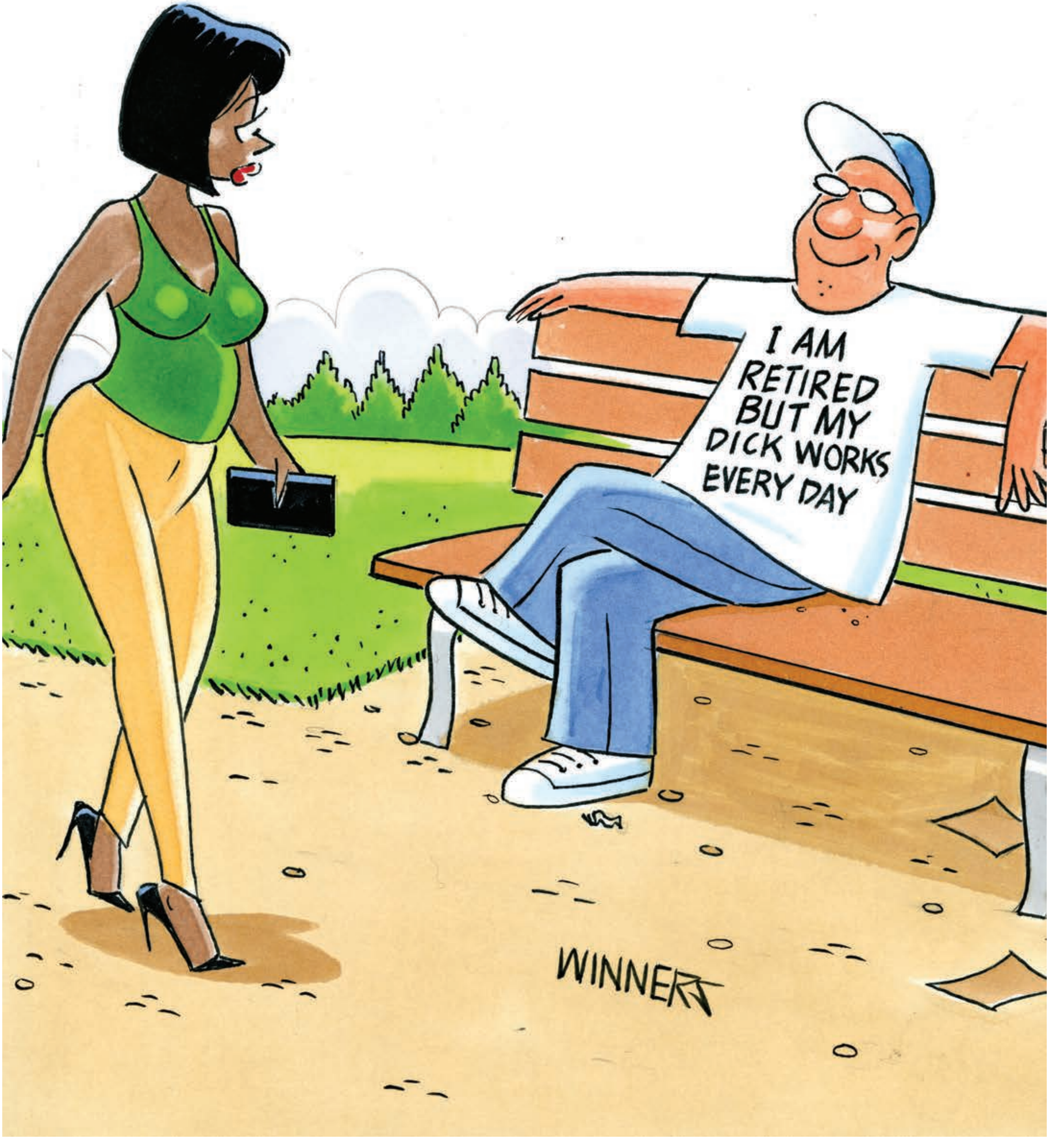
In this age of steamed vaginas and Goop, no manner of new age hoo-ha should come as a surprise anymore. Rejuvenating beluga placenta facial mask? Here's my credit card number! But it's not fair to generalize; yes, Gwyneth Paltrow is a dangerous charlatan, but sometimes a lady needs to rub her bean in a roomful of strangers to gain a little perspective on her life.

Cosmopolitan's Beatrice Hazlehurst (real name? Our guess is as good as yours) takes us inside the coconut-scented confines of the Goddess Institute, a New York-based retreat that offers a three-day "conscious sexuality" camp for women looking to "harness sexual energy and channel it towards achieving…personal goals." Or, as the author writes so succinctly, "I was hoping I'd be served pussy power-reclamation on a platter. Which, in all honesty, I desperately needed."

Strap in, because this gets intense: Part of the retreat, a focal point, is the experience of group masturbation. For this, participants gather in a traditional teepee, where they take in a leave-nothing-to-the-imagination demo as their guide spreads her legs and strokes her clitoris to orgasm. The focus is on the fingers and using nothing else for stimulation, a source of some anxiety to younger attendees, who have only ever used toys to achieve pleasure.

Participants are instructed to direct "sex magic" toward their desires, be they "love, sex or career-related." Lube is circulated, and a sense of camaraderie imbues the air. The collective experience and empathy is said to take orgasm to the next level, turning the notion of sexual gratification as an external experience on its ear. But does it work?

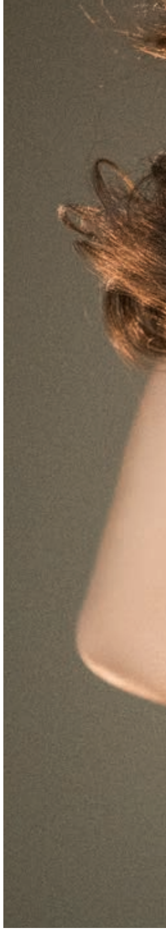
According to the women who made this journey with an open mind and pussy, it's a resounding *yes*. Following the retreat, Hazlehurst and her new friends reported a spike in job offers, great dates, personal victories and the purging of toxic relationships. It would seem then that a lot of good can come from the channeling of sexual energy in group settings. So why do I keep getting fired when I do it at work?!


I AM RETIRED BUT MY DICK WORKS EVERY DAY
WINNERS

ALEX
DE LA FLOR

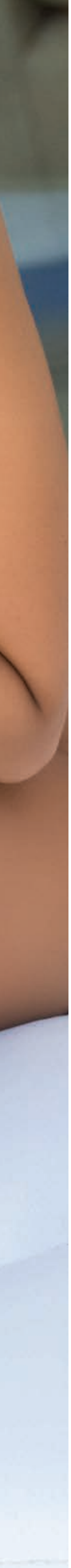
FLOWER POWER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM



I'm a hedonist. I crave pleasure, and I adore lovers who are just crazy about me…and maybe a little crazy too! I value true connection. I want to know more than what you do for a living; I want to know what's inside your soul. But don't get me wrong. I also want some good dick!

"I watch my own porn. What can I say? One time I had a viewing party with just my crush and me. That led to sex, and it was kind of intense fucking one guy while a video of me fucking another guy was playing on TV! I do wild shit like that all the time though. I'm a free spirit, and I'll be at raves or nightclubs, drinking and flashing my titties. You're only young once, right?"



ALEX'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-2** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-24-32**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER & INSTAGRAM: **@TheAlexDeLaFlor**

SMOOTH OPERATOR

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

Phone sex may seem like an anachronism, especially in the age of social media and HD streaming, but guess what: It's alive and well—booming in fact, with a bottom line to the tune of eight figures annually. How did it start, and where are we now? We ask three renowned operators who talk the talk.

Remember hot, naughty girls who are up for "anything"? Soft, gauzy late-night TV ads for 1-976 numbers? Remember pages upon pages of ads in the back of your local rag and the promise of fantasies fulfilled for just $1.99 a minute? You may think that phone sex went the way of the landline, but you would lose that bet in a big way.

Phone sex was there in the beginning, and it will be here long after you're gone. We can reasonably argue that its birth dates back to when AT&T introduced interstate toll-free numbers in 1967. Flash forward to 1977, when Gloria Leonard, adult entertainer and editor of *High Society*, taped herself "talking dirty." The marketing stunt, whereby readers could call a toll-free number listed in the magazine and listen to these R-rated recordings, was an instant success. By 1983 they had gone from one phone line to, well, a *lot* more; Ms. Leonard et al. had unwittingly tapped into something way bigger than a simple gimmick. The rest is history—and still unfolding.

The evolution of phone sex is so much more than the advent of smartphones and social media. It's tied to larger, intangible societal shifts where people, desperate to understand their lives and the world around them, are reaching out to phone sex operators for help—getting off or otherwise. Cluttered call centers have given way to a much more autonomous infrastructure, where operators can set their own rates and hours.

Naturally, like any niche within the adult-entertainment complex, sales and revenue figures are closely guarded. One well-established operator featured in this very article reached out to several companies on HUSTLER's behalf, and none wanted to go on record. Here's what we do know: NiteFlirt, considered the most popular phone sex platform today, is said to bring in upward of $18M a year.

Good operators can earn a secure living, great operators are pulling in $10K a month, and the best of the best are making bank that would melt your brain.

Phone sex as you know it has evolved into a highly personalized and custom experience that includes multimedia, high-quality MP3 clips and even video chat if you're willing to pay. And dirty talk is just one of many flavors on tap. Being a phone sex operator is about understanding people—much like a psychologist or life coach might approach a client, minus the judgment and wrapped in the reassuring cloak of anonymity. Listen as three experts explain how we got from there…to here. >>

PHOTO BY PJ SAGE

PHOTO COURTESY AMBERLY ROTHFIELD

AMBERLY ROTHFIELD

Twitter: @AmberlyPSO | AmberlyRothfield.com

Author: *How I Made $10,000 a Month as a Phone Sex Operator*

Sultry-mouthed marketing maven Amberly Rothfield is on a mission to help models make more money (her words, and we love them). A veteran phone sex operator of 13 years, Amberly is the American Dream personified: Once a homeless high school senior sleeping in the backseats of friends' cars, she is now one of the top earners in her field.

"I found an ad in the back of a free paper, and it said 'Wanted: Adult Voice Actresses.' And I just thought I'd be doing silly voices, because I can actually do impersonations very well. I didn't have a lot of options, so I went in for an interview."

Spoiler alert: She got the job. And she loved it. Which explains why she's so damn good at it—you see, Amberly wrote the book on phone sex, quite literally. The aptly titled *How I Made $10,000 a Month as a Phone Sex Operator*, available as a free download on her website, shares business principles and strategies for success. Today she tours North America speaking at events and helping sex workers hone their marketing skills.

Meanwhile, in 2005..."At that company I took whatever call came through," she recalls. "I had a repertoire of character names that I preselected myself. So if a guy called back in and asked for one of those characters, they knew he was talking about me, and they knew to send the call to me. But for the most part, if it wasn't a return caller, then it was a round-robin system—you were the last person to not have a call, so you're the first person to get the next call. [You'd get] a message about what he's into, what he's like, what previous operators have said about him—real short, no more than a minute—and then the call starts."

I'm loving it.

Of course, this was before social media exploded. Companies at the time had massive overhead costs that were mostly sunk into advertising—this was on top of the phone numbers, the billing operator and the actual operators who did the talking. At the time Amberly made about $15 an hour, which she says was more or less standard back then, and still a far shot better than flipping burgers at the local McDonald's.

"At the time minimum wage in San Antonio was five bucks an hour. I was used to working these minimum-wage jobs, and then at 18 I get offered 15 bucks an hour? I was like, *Dear God, what?!*

"We would only get paid for the time we were on the call, so yeah, there were some hours I made less than minimum wage, but the amount of hours I made way more than minimum wage was worth it. Plus, I didn't have to leave the house, pay for gas. I didn't have to worry about having a car, work wardrobe…"

Amberly worked there for a year before finding better-paying opportunities. Despite it being the lowest she'd made as an operator, she doesn't resent the fact that they had to pour so much money into ads. And this highlights an important historical distinction between phone sex companies: trolling vs. non-trolling.

> "I TEACH PEOPLE HOW TO MAKE $10K A MONTH, BUT I MAKE WELL ABOVE THAT... [PHONE SEX] IS DEFINITELY NOT DEAD."

Business models

"Anything that was late-night television—'Talk to local girls!'—or in the back pages of HUSTLER Magazine, those types of numbers, 99.999% would have been non-trolling companies," explains Amberly. "The ones where they round-robin and send the calls. The prices when I started were fairly consistent, where the customer would pay $3.99 a minute. He would call in and get a billing operator, who is not talking to him about anything—just 'Give me your money.' Guys would give their credit card info and then at the end get billed for the time.

"Trolling companies are where you go and find your own calls; you're more in control of your marketing and your advertising, so you made a little bit more."

Soon Amberly landed at NiteFlirt, ostensibly the most popular platform today. "They handle the billing, routing the calls, and you do all of your own marketing and advertising. They also allow you to sell stuff like videos, photos, MP3s, PDFs—whatever you want to sell. And that's where I found the most money: in building myself and creating my own space, rather than working for these other companies. They were great, but I found more independence in learning how to brand and market myself."

Goals, goals, goals!

As she explains in her book, you are the author of your own success. An operator can choose how much they want to make; it just depends on your star power. "I know girls that charge $0.99 a minute to talk to them; I know girls that charge $15. [NiteFlirt's] limit is $50 a minute, and I've had [those] calls—they're not that long, but it happens."

And to be clear, $10K is less a ceiling and more of a representation of potential, no matter who you are or how many (or few) followers you have. "There are people with 2,000 followers on Twitter who are making 10 to 20 grand a month, verified—I've seen the checks. I teach people how to make $10K a month, but I make well above that; plus I also know some really big names that make $50,000 to $60,000 to this day. [Phone sex] is definitely not dead."

But enough math. Let's talk technique. As part of her consulting, Amberly teaches something called the "Core 4," and it's all about capitalizing on what you do best. No, you don't have to be an accomplished voice actor. In fact, how you sound has very little to do with it.

"How many girls have you kicked out of bed because their voice was annoying?" asks Amberly. (Answer: None, ever.) "If Fran Drescher can still get laid, we're all okay. Voices don't matter; I know 60-year-old smokers who are killing it. It's all about the four niches you market yourself to."

For example, one of Amberly's incarnations, and she promises she's a good person, is a blackmailing bitch. "I cater to this fantasy. I understand the niche, and I can really get into the minds of those who want that experience. I tell people, 'I'm 5-2, 220 pounds, 30 years old, and I don't get nude.' They say sex sells, but my customers keep coming back to me because I'm the master of this one thing."

Like what you see?

Speaking of which, Amberly says that most guys don't care whether or not you're the girl in the photo. NiteFlirt has a lot of accounts that belong to "content characters." Amberly started off using her own photos, but her partner's security clearance (they're in the military) meant that this was no longer an option. So she legally purchased the rights to use photos of other people, something a lot of operators do to protect anonymity. "Accountants and teachers and lawyers that may not want their image associated with adult work—for good reason.

"Even when I switched from the content creator Amberly—who is this tall, white skinny girl—to using my own photos—I'm a short, rather rotund black girl—I didn't have that problem. Only two guys got mad."

Phone sex(t) and aural delights

Sexting, meanwhile, is a whole other economy. Enter SextPanther. "It's really popular with porn stars because they have this huge star power, so of course texting with them is a lot more expensive," explains Amberly. "SextPanther gives you your own phone number, even in your own area code. You can text, send photos, video, and every interaction comes with a payment."

You see where this is going, right? "No more free dick pics!" she laughs. "If a guy sends me something, he pays for it. And it's an amount that I determine. He can call you per minute if he wants to, and for a higher amount you can now do video chatting. It allows for one-on-one interaction, kind of like Snapchat, but in textual form."

Amberly is a big fan of passive income, saying it's essential if you hope to stay sane in this business. MP3s account for approximately 70% of her revenue, which is a fascinating ratio when you consider the implications. "Passive income has turned porn on its head," she says. "This is the only industry where a creator doesn't really get royalties; I've seen girls on the street and companies are still making millions off of them. So we went and found a way to leverage the fame they gave us and then build our own. Don't fuck with sex workers, because we're the best at fucking. We *will* fuck you!"

JESSIE SAGE

Sex columnist: @PghCityPaper | JessieSage.com
Podcast: @Peep_Cast | Organizer, @PghSWOP
Twitter: @Sapiotextual | NSFW Twitter: @Curvaceous_Sage

Jessie Sage's path to phone sex was not a straight line, but predictability is overrated. She was working in academia, pursuing a degree in feminist philosophy when her partner (now husband) and former cam model introduced her to the world of online sex through his community. And what she experienced did not square at all with the ideology she now found herself questioning.

"In feminist philosophy—especially second-wave—there is an intense anti-sex work sentiment and a lot of arguments against sex work," she explains. "I noticed that a lot of the things feminist philosophers were saying about sex work and sex workers didn't seem right to me. It also seems fairly reductionist; they were making a lot of >>

PHOTO BY PJ SAGE

arguments about women not having agency to make that choice. And to me, if you can make other choices about how to interact with your body, why can't you make choices about your sexuality and profiting off your sexuality?"

True calling

But that's all theory. Jessie's personal journey began as a curiosity that blossomed into her present-day vocation. "I started doing camming because I was curious about it. I didn't know that much about it, but thought it would be interesting to try out. I kind of jumped into that, but never found my own footing; it wasn't really my thing. I like more one-on-one interactions."

That's when a friend suggested phone sex. "And that surprised me, because I didn't know phone sex still existed. In my mind phone sex was like the 1-800 TV ads from the '90s, with the jazz music in the background. And I remember being afraid because I can't really dirty-talk; I'm not a big dirty talker, and I didn't think I'd do very well in that job. But that's not really what it is: There's an element of that to it, but it's not as if the entire job is scripted dirty talk. So I made a profile and tried it out, and the very first day I remember thinking, *I could do this for the rest of my life.* It was the easiest fit for me out of all the other sorts of work that I'd tried."

> **"SO I MADE A PROFILE AND TRIED IT OUT, AND THE VERY FIRST DAY I REMEMBER THINKING, *I COULD DO THIS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.*"**

Jessie, who is a certified sex columnist and podcast host, didn't do any sex work until she was 36. Now she's kicking ass and smashing stereotypes, all before breakfast. Thank you, phone sex! "I'm 41 now. It's a unique experience, especially since we have this bias that sex workers are young and you age out of sex work."

People who need people

Like you, Jessie agrees how it seems improbable—nay, impossible—that phone sex not only survived, but has transformed itself into a viable income stream for sex workers with a foothold in the digital age. In her own research, Jessie bridges the "then" and "now" of this perennial medium and why it still works.

"One of the things it does that you can't do as easily in other mediums is how you can have a sustained one-on-one conversation, where you can talk in-depth about whatever it is you're going through, struggling with or thinking about, and you can do it totally anonymously. That makes it a really low-stakes relationship in the sense that you can say whatever you want and not be concerned by my judgment in the same way as if you were telling a wife or girlfriend or partner."

Jessie is on NiteFlirt, which works very differently from how phone sex did in the '90s and early 2000s, where warehouses full of phone sex operators would sit in one room together and dispatchers would send calls to their cubicles. Today's operator, she continues, is akin to an independent contractor: autonomous and fully in control.

"We make our own ads; we bid to be seen. If I want to [appear] on the first or second page, where people will really see me, I pay for clicks. I can set things up so that I'm catering to or attracting the types of clients that I want based on what I say I'm into or not into. Unlike in the '90s, where someone would just get whoever happened to be free when they called, now clients specifically seek out particular phone sex operators."

Now you see me

You may be wondering, how is that call getting to her, and what happens when you dial the number on her profile? Remember, there are no dumb questions. Operators actually just use their own cell phones, and that code diverts to them. On a site like NiteFlirt, the number is an extension on the end of a 1-888 number. Multimedia, however, is another matter. SextPanther texts go straight to your phone like a standard SMS, but NiteFlirt's architecture is a bit dated: The older interface means you have to go through a browser into the chat feature and do it from there, like a Twitter or Facebook DM.

Jessie uses her own photos. She says she likes things to be integrated because of who she is, what she does and how that makes everything a whole lot easier for her. "I'm very publicly married, in that my husband and I host a sex work podcast together. He's in a lot of my clips; people know who he is. My clients will sometimes ask for him!"

Being open about her marriage is not the handicap you might think it to be. In fact, if anything, it's helped Jessie tap into a lucrative kink. "Since they know who he is and that there's another man they can imagine, I end up getting a lot of couple calls. I don't specialize in cuck play, I don't advertise it, but that being said, somehow I'm a magnet for people who have cuckold fantasies."

It's not for everyone, but there are those who genuinely love the performative aspect of phone sex, to the point where storylines and archetypes take on a life of their own. "Phone Sex Secrets is an operator who's been around forever. One time she told me how she told her kids that she hoped to die a slow death. And they were like, 'Why would you say that?' And she said, because she has so many different characters that she's played out with all these different clients, she needs time to kill them all off. And some of these have been going on for years."

Commerce, compassion and a future filled with possibility

But elaborate fantasies are not the norm, at least not for Jessie, who says that the majority of her calls are about men's loneliness: marriage, missing out, stressing out. There's often a sexual component, but it's more about trying to process feelings you may otherwise feel uncomfortable expressing to other people. Jessie is more than happy to oblige. She is somewhat of a guru to her clients, doling out rich, steaming ladles of creamy relationship advice. "I have a lot of people who maybe want to open their marriage up and don't know how to negotiate with their spouse, so often what I'll do is, we'll pretend that I'm their spouse, and I'll bring it up in a million different ways. Sometimes it's not so explicit—they'll frame it in a fantasy, and I'll play along, but the fantasy is very much practice for the real conversation they want to have."

She even helped one caller come to terms with his sexual orientation. "He was gay, trying to come out of the closet. He was really afraid to tell anybody, so in order to work up the courage, he wanted me to record him saying he was gay so that I could help coach him."

As to where phone sex is going, Jessie sees a world of possibility in the burgeoning movement toward accessibility in adult entertainment. "For blind people, audio porn is something that's really useful. There are people doing porn narration on top of porn videos, and some of the people doing phone sex are doing that. There's also an emerging interest in high-quality audio, which is connected to ASMR [autonomous sensory meridian response]. There's going to be a move away from the oversaturation of visual media toward a very rich audio experience that a lot of people are going to connect with."

LYNN

'PHONE SEX SECRETS'

PhoneSexSecrets.info | Twitter: @PhoneSexSecrets

Remember Alec Baldwin in *Glengarry Glen Ross*? A no-bullshit, capital-B Boss who shoots from the hip and doesn't mince words? Now imagine he sounds like Kathleen Turner in all her raspy glory. That's Lynn, and if you could afford it, you'd listen to her talk for days on end.

Lynn is better know as Phone Sex Secrets, a consulting business she launched to help people break into the business. She has to be careful when discussing her many personaes and the clients who love them, in that she's very protective of both sides. "Some guys are devastated when you have multiple characters."

Sex work for life

Lynn landed in phone sex after having worked as an escort, but not out of necessity. When you love what you do, it's hard to leave and not look back. "I missed the work, to be bloody honest. I knew some other women who were doing phone sex, so I looked into it and found that it's something I really enjoy."

With her background in marketing, Lynn adopted the strategy of making her profile hyper-focused—not unlike a dating profile. "So if a guy is interested, it isn't because I do everything or I can be anyone; instead I focus on specific characters. They're all aspects of my personality, each with their own photo."

At first anonymity was a matter of necessity—at the time she had family to consider, not to mention relatives in prominent positions where any sort of sex work would not be kosher. Outing herself wasn't an option.

Then there's the cold, hard reality of being an online sex worker. "When you have a profile, it will say, 'Member since…' and a date. You can't be 25 years old for ten years. I would marry off a girl or kill her off and start again with a different image. As I got older, I found age wasn't super relevant."

Master class is in session

The technology has certainly changed, but Lynn maintains that the client-provider relationship is still the same as it ever was. "You have to be nonjudgmental. There are kinks you may never have heard of or would want to try. The great thing about phone sex is you can get into a person's mind and understand why that thrills them and use your words without having to do that thing."

These tips and more are part of her consultant tool chest, a skill set she is more than happy to share with industry peers and neophytes alike. And it's not just business tips she offers: Lynn also teaches women how to survive. Because in case you've been living under a rock in a cave on Saturn, sex workers in America are under attack.

"You have to know your local laws and government. Because in some areas, prostitution is anything that results in sexual gratification, which can include phone, even though you're not touching. In the United States our puritan morality still hangs over us; I have sat in court with women who have had the custody of their children removed because they do sex work. Even though it's completely legal and no fluids have been exchanged; because she's a 'bad mother' who does sex work. As a mother hen, I try to walk through these things first so that their eyes are wide open."

Heal thyself

Self-care is another pillar in her teachings. Some fantasies are too much for anyone: race play, misogyny, rape—these headspaces are no walk in the park and can take their toll. This is why she stresses the importance of boundaries and taking time after a heavy call to center yourself and get over that headspace.

Lynn, 55, says she's a lot more understanding today—you work long enough, and you're going to see some shit. And when you consider the impacts of collective, large-scale trauma, how we process what we're feeling is not a one-size-fits-all strategy. Let's use 9/11 as an example: "At the time I noticed a huge uptick in religious phone calls, quite often in a male-male, gay context. It was always forbidden, and religion was always a part of it. I talked to a lot of Muslim men seeking to be submissive to a different [faith]. It was a sort of cleansing and sorrow that people experienced, and I think we are still failing to understand, as a species, how important it is for us to process things sexually."

The old vision of phone sex in big rooms with dozens of women playing out tawdry fantasies is a cliché. Now more than ever, Lynn says, people want to feel a connection in the age of a million digital distractions.

ILLUSTRATION COURTESY PHONE SEX SECRETS

MAZZY GRACE

FEARLESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I hope this doesn’t come across as cocky, but I don’t let people intimidate me. I don’t listen anymore about what I should or shouldn’t do. When I make content, people will say dumb shit like, ‘Stop making so much incest porn,’ but then later ask for me to do a video with twins. That goes to show me that people don’t know what they want until you give it to them. That’s why I just do my thing and hope the public likes it.

“Sometimes I wake up horny as hell. And I really, really—and I cannot stress this enough—really like anal. Sometimes I need my ass stretched, and I get antsy if I don’t have a guy around to do it. I’m open to different types of men, as long as they’re supersweet and respectful in real life and a total freak in the bedroom. I want to be dominated and fucked hard. Make me call you Daddy and fill all my holes with cum!”

MAZZY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Salt Lake City, Utah** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-9**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-22-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Anal** | TWITTER: **@MazzyGrace1**

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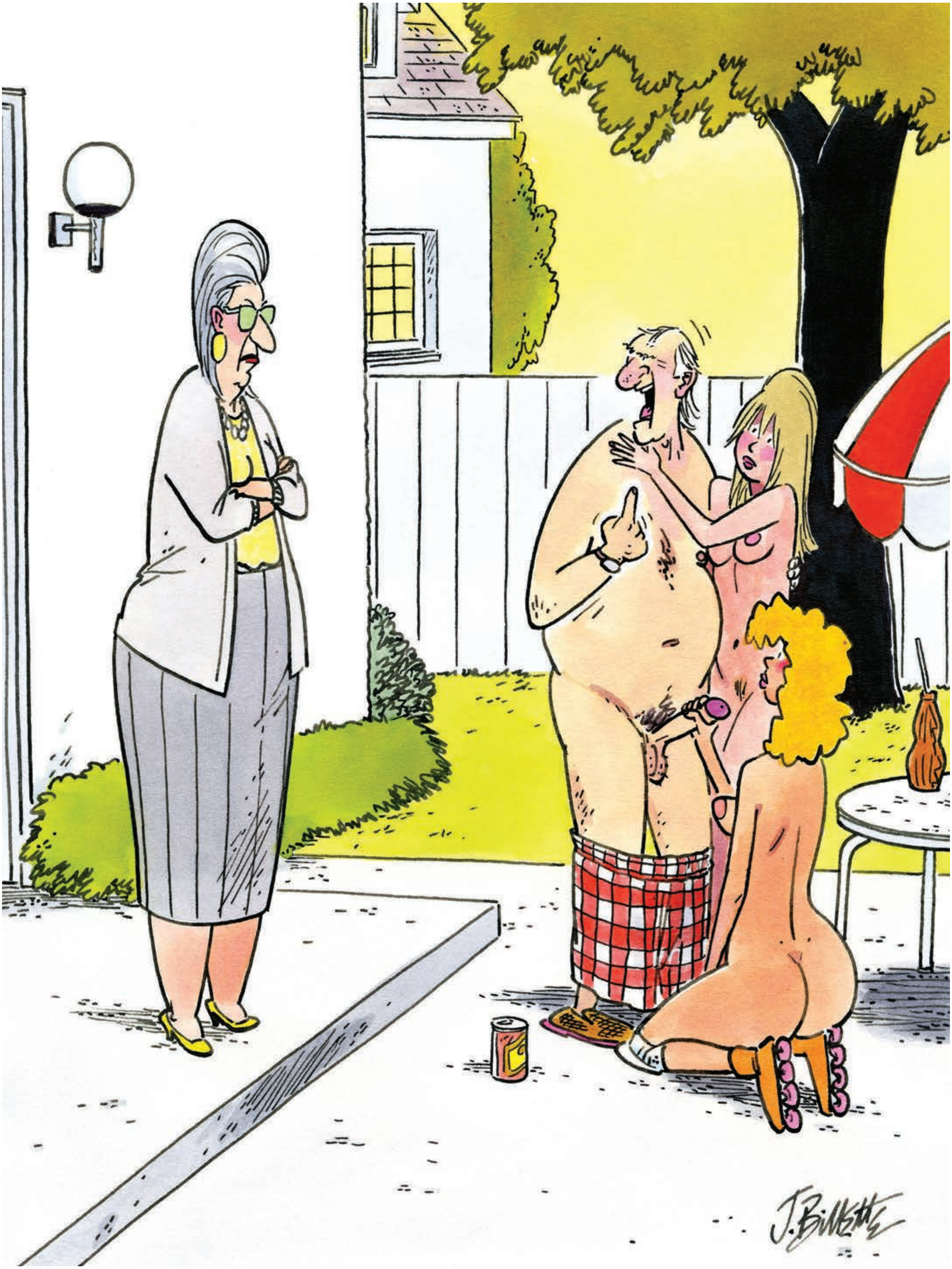

"This is my midlife crisis, Marsha! Butt out!"

THE SEX DIET

I'm passionate about food. My favorite? Warm chocolate sauce dribbled in swirls up Liza's thighs, topped by a mound of whipped cream in her pussy. Honey's nice too. And I enjoy capping cherries, grapes or olives on my girl's nipples. I nibble until my teeth are scraping and tugging on her tit buds and she's moaning for my thick cock. Sometimes Liza will drizzle champagne down my ass crack, let it pool in my starfish and lick and suck it off. *Mmm.*

See, I used to be overweight—fat, really—not too long ago. I was a 22-year-old computer geek who only had sex online, if at all. It took my dad having a heart attack to finally get me to do something about it. So I hired a trainer, cut out absolutely everything that was bad for me. Damn near killed me too, but a year later I'm in shape. I've got tons of energy—and this cool girl named Liza. I met her in an internet chat room, some sort of under-30 fat-loss rock 'n' roll support group. Our emails kept getting more and more sexual till we decided to meet in person—dinner at her place.

We'd exchanged photos, but still it was a shock when her door opened and I found myself staring straight at Liza's cleavage. The girl had to be 6-3! Every inch of her smooth and muscular, lean and gorgeous. She had longest legs I'd ever seen! I had never been out with a woman who was taller than me. I would have thought it might be intimidating. But you know what? It was so powerfully sexy, my cock was throbbing tall in seconds.

Liza noticed, and somehow dinner was forgotten. We didn't even make it to the bedroom. Kissing me passionately, she steered me to the dining room table. Looking back, I can see that was her plan all along—kinky girl.

She slipped off her dress, the only thing she was wearing, and lay back between the dinner plates, raised those long legs over my shoulders. My God, her pussy was beautiful—meaty, fat labes, a button-hard pink clit peeking at me. I was about to lower my head when she picked up the champagne bottle.

I hadn't had any alcohol but low-carb beer in a year, hadn't had pussy in longer, and the combination made me ravenous. When she poured that luscious bubbly over her snatch, I attacked like a wild man, lapping up every drop. I spread her flaps so she could pour champagne directly into her fuck tunnel. When she climaxed, she ejaculated a fountain of pussy jizz.

It felt good to make a girl come hard. And she was so delicious, I thought I might spray against the tablecloth. But she stopped me before I could and pushed me back for a minute. Liza disappeared into the kitchen, and when she returned, her arms were laden with jars, bowls, bottles and cans of food!

She stripped me and pushed me facedown on the table, and that's when she did that thing I started telling you about earlier. Cool champagne bubbled into my asshole. Her hot tongue licked it up. Incredible.

My bone pulsed against the tabletop. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her reaching for the butter dish and coating her fingers with grease. Then she slipped her hand around my throbber and started to fist me. I've never felt anything like it—her tongue jabbing into my anus, her slick fist squeezing my cock, her big, warm breasts pressing into my back.

Well, it didn't take long till my nuts got tight, and I knew I was going to come any second. Liza knew it too. She fell back on the floor with a can of whipped cream and literally blasted her snatch with the nozzle. With a naughty smile, she invited me to join her, and I pushed my dick into cream-filled pussy. It was cold and hot all at the same time. Her ankles locked around my back, and then I was fucking this tall goddess, nursing on her tall nipples.

Her cunt clutched around my shooter, and I sprayed my cream into cream. 'Course I lapped it back out—and, yes, it was tasty! Liza had her second orgasm of the night. Then we ate dinner, nibbling food off each other's body.

It's two months later now, and despite our food fetishes, neither of us has gained an ounce. After all, sex is the best exercise in the world.

—B.K.
Ottawa, Ontario

PISSY PUSSY

Golden urine splashed over my breasts, and my nipples tingled. I was lying in the bathtub, smoothing my hands up and down my body, trying to rub the urine into my skin. Two orgasms down, I was past feeling good. I was well on my way to delirious. Warren was standing over me, smiling as he aimed his flow lower, down my belly. Then piss sluiced through my blond bush. My lover told me to spread my legs wider and pee slapped against my labes.

I was almost there. Fuck, I was close. I shut my eyes and concentrated on the warm, wet, delicious sensations. When I fingered my folds apart, hot piss gushed right into my pussy, and I was coming, writhing in that bathtub, climaxing in urine.

Believe it or not, before Warren, before yesterday, I was the most straitlaced girl imaginable—a college librarian no less, and a Methodist. My sexual experience had been limited to necking with my accountant boyfriend Herb, also a Methodist. It wasn't that I didn't secretly desire to go further; but good old Herb never even tried to grope me. I was scared to initiate sex—ashamed I'd find out I was a dirty little slut.

Obviously, things have changed since then. I've changed.

Yesterday Warren strolled up to my desk at the library. I gasped when I looked up, the man was that handsome. Rugged features, a full dark head of hair, beard, mustache, sparkling sky-blue eyes. A glance at the titles he was checking out made me blush: Nabokov's *Lolita* and the Kama Sutra. His hand brushed mine as he handed me his library card, and electricity sparked up my arm.

Last night I masturbated with anything and everything I could find—highlighters, a banana, zucchini—I even tried to jam a fat bottle of shampoo up my snatch. But I couldn't quite come, and I couldn't stop thinking about Warren.

Today I found myself searching for his address and phone number in the library database. Before I could find it, I saw him, searching through the stacks. It took every ounce of courage I could muster, but I was determined to meet this man. So I strolled up to him and asked if I could help him find what he was looking for.

"I believe I just did," he said, staring straight at me. Sounds corny, but it wasn't, and when he asked me to meet him after work, I quickly agreed.

My heart was beating like a drum when I walked up to his house this evening. I mean, I knew I was finally going to lose my virginity. I was so anxious to lose it that not two minutes later I was confessing to Warren how I had masturbated the night away thinking about him. I'm not sure what I expected, but I sure as hell didn't expect him to pull me down over his lap and whack my ass, calling me a bad little girl, a dirty little slut. *Whack, whack!* Fuck.

He yanked my skirt up, tore my best pair of panties off, and with the palm of his hand warm on my bare butt, he asked if I wanted him to stop. All of my repressed sexuality flooded to the surface, and I started sobbing, begging Warren to please spank me, please fuck me, to teach me all about sex.

Lesson No. 1 involved spanking my ass till it glowed red and I was so horny, I couldn't stand it. Finally, Warren stopped and slipped two fingers just barely inside my pussy flaps. I jammed my quim down on them hard and kept jamming until, finally, nirvana, release. I couldn't believe how good it felt! Pure bliss.

Lesson No. 2 included an extended tutorial in the fine art of oral. It took me a while, but I learned how to open my throat and suck Warren to the base of his beautiful cock. He taught me how good his tongue felt dicking my twat. It made me proud when he shot his sweet jizz all over my face. Then he nipped at my clit, and I came all over his.

Lesson No. 3, golden showers, is where we came into this story. After which he bathed me, dressed me and sent me on my way, instructing me to return the next evening.

So technically I guess I'm still a virgin. God, I hope that's covered in Lesson No. 4.

—F.A.
Iowa City, Iowa

CAUGHT IN HER HEADLIGHTS

You know how it is. You're stuck in an airport, no flights out—and I mean stuck overnight—and you find yourself getting very friendly with complete strangers.

It happened last September in New York. I was on my way home to the missus after a wasted business meeting when the delayed sign beside the only flight home that night flashed to a red "Canceled." Damn. Eleven-thirty. Next flight out was at 5:30 in the morning—if the weather cleared. Finding a hotel room didn't really seem worth the hassle for, what, maybe three hours sleep?

So I headed for the only obvious choice, a barstool in front of an airport bar with dark beer on tap and a dollar deal on second shots. What the fuck. Can't say as I was in too big a hurry to get home anyway. Then I saw May, and I wasn't in any hurry at all.

She had long dark brown hair that fell to the small of her back and stopped right above what had to be the cutest ass in the whole damn world. A babe with beautiful, big, blue eyes and a mile-fuckin'-long cleavage. I have always been a tit man, and I was betting they were 36Ds—with large, fat, hard, pencil-eraser nipples. I had to swipe a napkin at the drool running down my chin.

The bartender wasn't going to serve her. Pantywaist asshole wanted to go home for the night. But we persuaded him to stay open just a little later—or, rather, May and her big titties did. Hell, it was only midnight. We quickly ordered four shots apiece and promised to have them up in ten minutes. We did.

By the end of ten minutes May knew more about me than some of my oldest friends did. The important stuff anyway, like my most passionate sexual fantasies. And, yes, they all involved titties, specifically May's fat hooters smothering my thick cock.

We found ourselves back out by the gates again, looking for a vacant bench or someplace to bed up for the night. We were still looking when we passed the women's restroom, and all of a sudden May grabbed my arm and pulled me inside.

"Stanley—Stan." She was slurring a little now. "Why don't we see what we can do about making that little old fantasy of yours come true?"

May was backing her way into the handicapped stall, still tugging on my arm. With every tug her awesome mams jiggled. I was mesmerized, lost in her creamy-smooth tit flesh and incredible cleavage. I forgot I was married. Sure, that's happened before, but this time I couldn't even have told you my wife-of-15-years' name.

May landed on the throne with a gentle thud, which put her at the absolute perfect height for—glory be—a titty-fuck. Her dress straps fell off her shoulders, followed by black satin bra straps. I negotiated a simple front closure, and I was gazing at pure heaven. Full, tanned headlights with just enough sag to let you know they weren't saline.

A long line of spittle drizzled from May's lips into her never-ending cleavage, and suddenly my pants were uncomfortably tight. Pushing them to my knees, I stepped forward into her warm, slick valley. May brought her hands up to the sides of her mams, and then all that tit-flesh was pressing in on all sides of my prick. Damn!

When I lunged, her twins smothered my entire fuck-set. Breasts massaged my meat *and* my nuts. Every time my fuck cap pushed through that amazing tit tunnel, she swiped at it with her tongue. Sometimes her tongue pushed right into my piss slit. And all the while I could feel her soft hair tickling my thighs. This beat any fantasy I had ever beat off to.

I'd like to say I lasted for 15 minutes, but five comes closer to the truth. The next time those lush boobies squeezed my ball sac, I exploded. Streams of hot cum splattered her tongue, her chin, her boomers. May laughed and licked her lips, then grabbed my shaft and used it to rub all that jism into her heavenly titties.

By the time 5:30 in the morning arrived, we had made three more treks to that handicapped stall, and I was totally, blissfully drained. Three trips, three titty-fucks. It was the perfect May-September romance.

—S.B.
Kansas City, Missouri

NO STRINGS ATTACHED

I was bored out of my skull. It had been five days since midterms ended, and the bliss of doing absolutely nothing had turned to total boredom. Most of my girlfriends had taken off for the holidays, my sometime boyfriend had dumped me the week before, and I'd already binge-watched anything worthwhile on Netflix. To top it all off, I was horny. I rummaged through the nightstand for my vibrator, only to find the batteries dead.

At least there was an ice-cold 12-pack in the fridge. Four beers into it I had an epiphany of sorts. I decided that what I really needed was a fling: an afternoon of sweaty, passionate sex with no strings attached.

So I headed for the beach. It was winter in California, and the usual crowds had moved inland, leaving the strand to the locals and the surfers. I sat on the dunes for a while, watching the boys ride the waves, trying to pick out a favorite. Hot as I was, they all looked beautiful, with those slender, athletic builds wrapped in neoprene wetsuits. And those tight little buttocks… I had narrowed it down to two or three when a surfer girl sat down in the sand beside me, said "Hey" and handed me a flask.

I recognized the taste of Patrón and looked at the girl more closely. Nineteen, maybe 20, tanned, shaggy hair, blue bikini top and board shorts. Gorgeous.

"You surf?" she asked.

"Nah," I smiled. "Just shopping."

Laughing, she moved a little closer. Her thigh touched mine. I took another swig of tequila and felt my cheeks flush with warmth. Girl-girl isn't usually my thing—in fact, I'd only had two college "experiments." But when I took a sidelong glance and saw how hard my new friend's nipples looked, pressing against her swimsuit, my mouth watered.

By the time the flask was empty, we were necking. She sucked on my tongue and planted love bites up and down my throat till I was out-of-control-horny-in-lust. It was time to take this to the next level, but where?

That's when surfer girl took my hand and led me over to an empty lifeguard stand. We couldn't get inside—it was locked tight—but it would be pretty hard to see us on the deck in back. Dropping to her knees, my lover nipped her way up my inner thighs to my bikini bottoms and tugged them down with her teeth. I spread my legs a little wider, and with her tongue flat she lapped my quim from back to front over and over again. That felt amazing. I held on to the railing when my knees started to buckle. But when she began nibbling on my clit, my legs gave way, and I collapsed to the wooden deck. It was a powerful climax, the kind that leaves you gasping and grateful, anxious to make your lover feel the same way.

I tore off her bikini top to get at those hard nipples. They were dark and fat, and by the way she moaned when I started suckling, her nips were sensitive too. I tongued my way down to her bellybutton as I yanked her shorts to her ankles. Surfer girl had a full bush! Cool. I got lost in it, rubbing my face in her pubes, curling them around my fingers. It was all so new to me. It wasn't until I felt her hand pressing down on my head that I realized girlfriend was getting impatient for me to move on to the main event.

Spreading her labes, I dicked my tongue into pink as far as fuckin' possible. As I was moving my hands to grab her butt cheeks, my fingers brushed against the flask, and a lightbulb flashed on in my head. Soon I was corkscrewing the neck of that flask into her anus as I tongue-fucked her quim. And she was loving it! Pussy juice streamed into my mouth and over my cheeks. I didn't stop screwing and licking until she'd climaxed twice.

Then we necked for a while again, comparing flavors. We parted without knowing each other's name. I guess it was exactly what I wanted—sweaty, passionate, anonymous sex. But now I can't stop thinking about her, and I wish I had her phone number.

—N.J.
Malibu, California

ARIA
SKY

SKY'S THE LIMIT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I grew up in Wisconsin and started doing porn right after I turned 18. The people in my town knew, and they were actually pretty cool about it. I think this generation is more open to sexuality than previous ones—folks seemed to respect that I owned what I did.

"I consider myself pansexual. I'm attracted to people who are chill, you know, who aren't too full of themselves. I'm a dominant person—into taking control and fully exploring my partner's body. One of my first sexual experiences was at a BDSM party. I was a virgin at the time, and I didn't end up having sex with anyone that night, but the party piqued my curiosity and made me realize I was super-attracted to women too. I could just lick pussy all day. Of course, I can still handle a dick, but can a dick handle me?"

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ANNY
AURORA

LIGHTSOME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
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I love to be silly, goofy and laugh a lot! I'm a full-time nerd, extremely emotional about music, and I play guitar and video games. My stage name comes from my real name, Anny, and Aurora makes me think of the Northern Lights. I've been in this industry, in one form or another, for five years now, and before I forget, I want to give a big kiss to all my fans for their love and support!

"The most memorable sexual experience I've ever had was my first threesome. It was an amazing time because I was with two guys I really liked and found attractive. To me, humor, a good body and good conversation are all sexy. When I had that threesome, I was fully submissive and let them fuck me until I'd come a million times. It was the very definition of *bliss*. These days there are not a lot of fantasies I haven't tried already, but I would love to have an orgy and be in the middle of just a bunch of beautiful human beings enjoying themselves."

Orgy, anyone?

xoxo,

Amy Aurora

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ANNY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Cologne, Germany**
AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-8**
MEASUREMENTS: **32C-27-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**
TWITTER: **@AnnyAuroraPorn**
INSTAGRAM: **@Anny_Aurora**

HUSTLER
THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL
NAMED JILL,
WHO FUCKED DYNAMITE
FOR A THRILL.
THEY FOUND HER VAGINA
IN NORTH CAROLINA
AND BITS OF HER TITS
IN BRAZIL.

Kim and her blond friend Rhonda were having lunch when Kim said, "You don't look very well today."

"I've got a bit of a sore throat," Rhonda disclosed, "and it hurts like hell."

"I know a brilliant remedy!" Kim exclaimed. "Every time I get a sore throat, I give my husband a really good blowjob, and the next day I'm right as rain."

"Hmm, thanks," Rhonda sighed.

When the girls met up the following day, Kim asked, "Are you better today?"

"I'm fine!" Rhonda raved. "Your remedy worked great. Your husband loved the blowjob and couldn't believe it was your idea!"

Simon was almost 70 and unable to perform sexually. For several months he went to his doctor, who tried a few things, but none worked. As a last resort, the M.D. referred Simon to an African witch doctor.

"I can cure your problem," the witch doctor assured him. He threw some white powder into a flame, and there was a flash and billowing smoke. Then he warned, "This is powerful healing, but you can only use it once a year. Just say '1-2-3,' and your penis will arise for as long as you wish."

"What should I do when I don't want to continue?" Simon wondered.

"When your partner can take no more and is completely satisfied," the witch doctor replied, "all she has to do is say '1-2-3,' and your penis will wither, but it will not rise again for one full year."

Simon rushed home, anxious as all get-out to finally fuck again. He showered, shaved and smothered himself in cologne. Then he slid into bed, cuddled up to his wife and said, "1-2-3."

Suddenly, just as the witch doctor promised, Simon was sporting the biggest boner of his life. As it nudged his wife's backside, she moaned, "Why did you say 1-2-3?"

Question: What do you call a teenage boy who says he doesn't masturbate?

Answer: A liar.

A nurse, worn out after her night shift at a hospital emergency room, walked into a bank. Needing some cash, she pulled a rectal thermometer out of her purse and began to write a check with it. When she realized what was in her hand, she looked at the flabbergasted teller. Without missing a beat, the nurse exclaimed, "Well, that's just great. Some asshole's got my pen!"

A very old woman named Agnes was walking through the park one afternoon when she heard a voice croak, "Pick me up. Pick me up." She looked around and saw a frog squatting near her feet.

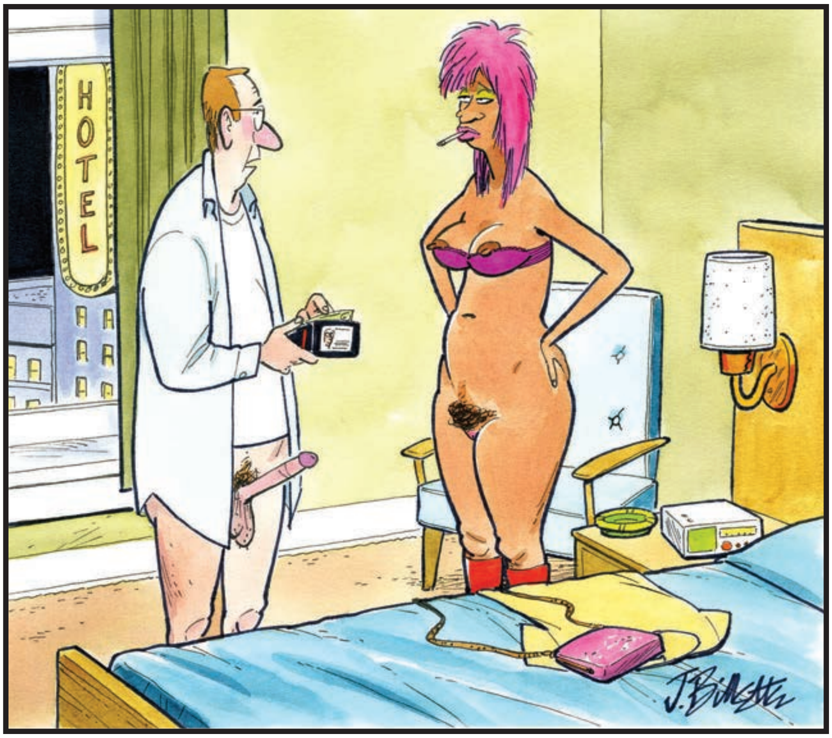
"Why should I pick you up?" Agnes asked. "You're a frog."

"That's true," the frog admitted, "but if you pick me up and kiss me, I'll turn into a young, handsome prince who's always ready for sex."

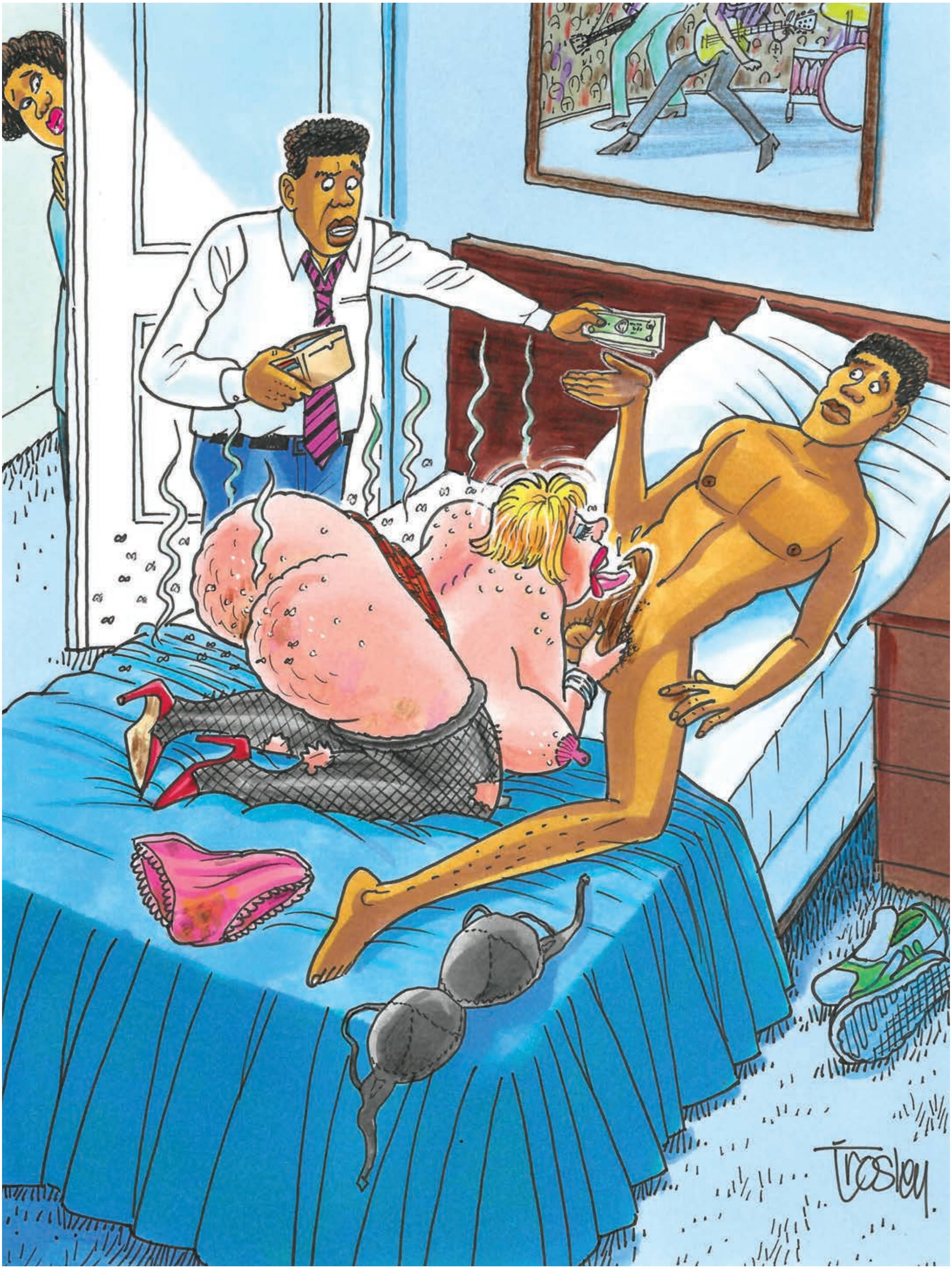
Agnes gave it some thought, then picked up the frog and stuffed it in her purse. "Aren't you going to kiss me so I can turn into a young, handsome prince and make passionate love to you?" the frog asked.

"Nope!" Agnes snorted. "At my age I'd rather have a talking frog."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"I've been away on business for two weeks, and I miss my wife. Could you bitch at me and then lie still like you're dead while we have sex?"



"Here, son—I'm doubling your allowance so you can afford better pussy."

SWINGING HACIENDA-STYLE:

A CELEBRATION OF SEX

BY T.S. FARLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CASPER MONROE

It all began ten years ago, when a newly single New York City hedge-funder named Andrew Sparksfire discovered the city's underground sex parties. When the party he was regularly attending needed a new home, Andrew offered up his own newly refurbished Bushwick brownstone as a venue, a home replete with backyard patio, bar and hot tub. Thus Hacienda—a community of libidinously like-minded people—was born.

"I had this new house," Andrew says of hosting his first sex party, "but I didn't have the community I wanted to share it with."

Those first parties, at the "original Hacienda," were private and small, with about 20 attendees. In the last decade Hacienda has evolved into an erotic empire. Today it is an intentional community espousing polyamory and sex-positivity, hosting both public events and sex-ed classes (e.g., "Female Ejaculation 101" or "Rope Share"), as well as delightfully depraved, private play parties. As the club's reach has expanded, so has its real estate holdings, and today Hacienda includes four buildings…and counting. In the Bushwick section of Brooklyn is the original Hacienda, as well as the Hacienda Villa and the Hacienda Lodge, while in the city of New Orleans stands a Big Easy mansion dubbed Hacienda Maison. In addition, construction has begun on two new apartments next to the Lodge, and plans are underway to open a bar/restaurant in the neighborhood by 2020.

Of that new space, Sparksfire's very pregnant, very polyamorous wife Beth says, "We aim to create a sexy-themed environment that's open to the public, a place where we create community and produce events that focus on celebrating sexuality."

Phrases like "creating community" or "celebrating sexuality" are heard frequently at Hacienda, implying that the club is pursuing a philosophy. That's because Hacienda wants "to change the world," Andrew Sparksfire says. "We want more people to embrace sex-positivity because it changes peoples' lives when they walk through our door," he explains. "I honestly believe we can change popular culture one sex party at a time." >>

One way Hacienda differs from other sex clubs is that some of its members live on-site. Three people reside at the original Hacienda: Andrew and his wife Beth on the first floor and Andrew's girlfriend Effy on the second. Fifteen more live at the Hacienda Villa, spread over three well-appointed floors, while another nine call the Hacienda Lodge home. Lest anyone be confused that life at the Haciendas is nothing but endless orgies, allow one longtime resident to clarify: "Mostly around here we're doing laundry or making lunch," laughs René, a 34-year-old straight male who has lived at the Villa for four years. "I compare living here to the show *Friends*, where we're all just popping into each other's apartments all day long."

That's not to say René is looking for an entirely pedestrian lifestyle. Rather, he recognizes himself as being "emotionally polyamorous" and having a "high libido," so though René used to enjoy the intimacy of monogamy, he ended up at Hacienda because he found such traditional relationships "limited" his sexuality.

"I began to search for alternative relationship structures and discovered ethical nonmonogamy, and shortly thereafter I found these events," René explains. "One of the unique things I love about Hacienda is the opportunity I have to be fully self-expressed in my sexuality."

Kenneth Play is a Hacienda cofounder who has been attending events for eight years and who has lived at the Villa since it opened. But it's as a sex educator who leads many of Hacienda's workshops that the 38-year-old has made his name. Kenneth says he was once a "shy immigrant who didn't have the confidence or social skills" to be the person he wanted to be. He explains how he ended up at Hacienda: "In the beginning it was to explore my sexuality with like-minded people and figure out what I like and who I like to play with," Play says. "As it turns out, because of this environment and culture, I've built lifelong friendships and found my chosen family."

Those concepts of "family" and sex also led a polyamorous brunette called Lady M to Hacienda. Today the comely 32-year-old lives at the Villa, where she met and married the man who would become her husband. Lady M said she'd always had her eyes out for an "intentional community" because she liked the "tribal feel" of them, so when a room became available at the Villa, Lady M leapt at the chance.

"This is like my chosen family," she says, repeating the phrase Kenneth Play dropped earlier. "It's different than how I grew up, Catholic, but we have a sex-positive culture here, and we honor and encourage each other to explore. It's so important to say things, not to repress them, and we tell each other stories that could otherwise be thought of as taboo in order to manifest them."

Lady M says that upstairs at the Villa is a treasure trove of sex books—what she calls a "pleasure-research lending library." Suddenly she rethinks something she'd said earlier: "Hacienda is not just a sex-positive culture," she clarifies. "Nay, we are sex-celebratory! We are living a sexual revolution here."

Celebrating sex is something HUSTLER has been up to since before most of the aforementioned libertines were born, so this intrepid reporter recently hopped the express train to Brooklyn to investigate the acolytes of the Hacienda scene. I had to know, were these people all talk and no action, all action and no talk or a perfect combination of the two? Only by embedding myself in the bowels of a Bushwick sex club could this brave correspondent know for sure, so that's what I did. I spent two evenings at Hacienda in Brooklyn, one at an innocent Flirty Fall soirée and the second attending a Forest of Fantasies party where shit was supposed to go down.

The Flirty Fall event was public—meaning tickets were sold and all welcome—but it would primarily be an innocent, if sexy opportunity to meet new people and expand the Hacienda universe. While the official invitation stated that "kink play" was welcome, it further explained that sex was actually not. The invitation further clarified that not only was sex off the table, but so was penetration itself, specifically banning any poking of the oral and genital varieties. Damn, the best kinds!

Didn't matter though, as the party was awesome. Crudité-filled platters filled the brownstone's kitchen island as a bikini'ed girl swung from a hoop attached to the ceiling. More than a hundred pretty people mingled, dressed in sweaters and leathers to honor the fall season, all making eyes and small talk while watching the front door: Who else was coming? In a basement that on other nights theoretically hosted orgies, a young man ran ice-breaker games and talked to guests about the importance of "consent." Next to him a black-haired beauty with a sparkling smile and a not-insignificant amount of cleavage offered a tutorial on erotic couples' massage, while next to her another stunner gave a live demonstration of "impact play" (think spanking, flogging, etc.).

In the upstairs living room stood a shirtless Kenneth Play, beginning his presentation to 40 or 50 people with the age-old question, "Who here has ever had any trouble with anal sex?" Shortly thereafter, as Kenneth continued with all that cornholing chitchat, massive movies of the man's sex tutorials began playing on the wall behind him, affording those present the opportunity to both listen to the live-version Kenneth educate them about anal while his movie-man doppelganger was either sharing a shower with one naked beauty onscreen or enthusiastically riding another.

At the BYOB bar people sipped drinks and flirted. In the hot tub topless girls lounged. On the patio couches near the fire pit a seductive blonde lay languorously atop a leather-and-chain-linked lad, while next to them a randy redhead with an impressive ass and a "Stay Single" tattoo explained why she was there. "I'm kinky on every level," she said nonchalantly. "I have a dungeon in my home, and I come here two or three times a year to find fellow, like-minded, kinky play partners."

A brown-haired, twenty-something

"searching for friends and dating" looked like she might be too innocent for that risqué soirée, but before that thought could even fully form in my head, her sweater was off and her delightfully big breasts out and free. Another woman sporting pigtails and a plaid skirt casually mentioned that she was going for the "schoolgirl thing" that evening, an admission that attracted several "naughty teachers." A girl with tattoos covering her limbs and combat boots on her feet wore only a sheer, floor-length wrap over a black bra-and-panty set, her outfit half-Annie Lennox and half-Annie Sprinkle but one hundred percent hot. In the living room Kenneth Play's presentation and movies were over, but Play was making out on the couch with one babe before taking a flogger to the hot, willing ass of another.

In sum, Hacienda's Flirty Fall party was a goddamn delight. Admittedly, there was no sex, and if one was nitpicking, he might point out the fact that at said party no one—no one at all!—got his dick sucked, but it would be nonetheless ungenerous to characterize the get-together as anything less than one hell of a fête.

The Forest of Fantasies was something altogether different. To begin with, it was a private event—meaning tickets were sold only to Hacienda members or their guests—and its official invitation did not preclude sex. Rather, the invitation specifically explained how one should go about disposing of used condoms at the party, thus implying pretty strongly that people were about to get laid.

It began as had the earlier event, with socializing and flirting,

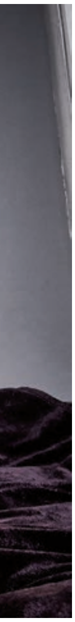
>>

> "I HONESTLY BELIEVE WE CAN CHANGE POPULAR CULTURE ONE SEX PARTY AT A TIME."

drinking and lounging, some hundred-odd people mingling in various stages of sexy undress, either draped in lingerie or dressed as sexy creatures of the night (think sultry Little Red Riding Hoods and burly lumberjacks). On the walls ran thematic porno movies, in all of them some serious fucking, but only as parts of serene, sylvan scenes. In one corner three nearly naked people danced like teenyboppers at a sock hop, while across the room a huge black man tried to sip a drink while wearing a massive fluffy unicorn head over his bean. Before giving a "consent speech" (encouraging people to enjoy an evening of "responsible hedonism" while also ensuring that everyone played by the rules), an adorable vixen dressed in a furry squirrel costume with a big fuzzy tail and an otherwise bare ass introduced herself as one of the club's "frequent flyers."

The tenor of the evening turned on a song when a lithe, young fire dancer took to the patio stage, her body adorned with only a tiny bikini and black boots, her hair wrapped in a head scarf and her face hidden behind what seemed to be a Juggalo mask. All one could see in the shadowy night was her shaking booty and the whites of her eyes, as she spun and whirled in front of the crowd, whipping balls of fire at the end of chains. It was a mesmerizing and seductive performance; the commingling of whooshing ass and blazing fire against a pulsing beat felt like a call to action.

The end of that flaming hot performance led directly to one big, sweaty orgy. In the middle of it all were the happily married Andrew and Beth, Hacienda's king and queen, the former giving to the latter what could only be described as a royal fucking. Beside them, a mid-



dle-aged Indian dude and a Millennial black fellow were enjoying a hot white MILF. Next to them a hipster kid wearing a sparkly genie vest but no drawers had his ass up and his face down, about to embark on what would turn out to be a good hour's worth of languorous cunnilingus.

From one side of the room a loud slap echoed: A white-haired older guy wearing heavy silver eyeliner was smacking his date hard on the ass, and though none of the watchers knew exactly how that lady might have transgressed, all felt sure that she deserved her punishment. A nubile younger woman with heavy breasts strolled naked through the room before stopping in front of a bearded guy with deer antlers glued to his head. Within seconds they were moving to a mattress to rut.

Moans chorused throughout the room, with the occasional squeal thrown in for punctuation. At one point a cry rang out—"Not my asshole!"—before those lovers had a whispered conversation to "renegotiate the scope of their activities," as per Hacienda's official consent policy. A curvaceous white female lay naked on a circular bed, loudly moaning as not one but two random dudes digitally penetrated her, "one in the pink and one in the stink" as they say in the lingua franca of the scene.

A bearded black man who had entered the party wearing a dapper, raspberry-hued velvet suit was by that time naked on a couch, a sweet blond PAWG bouncing up and down on his dong.

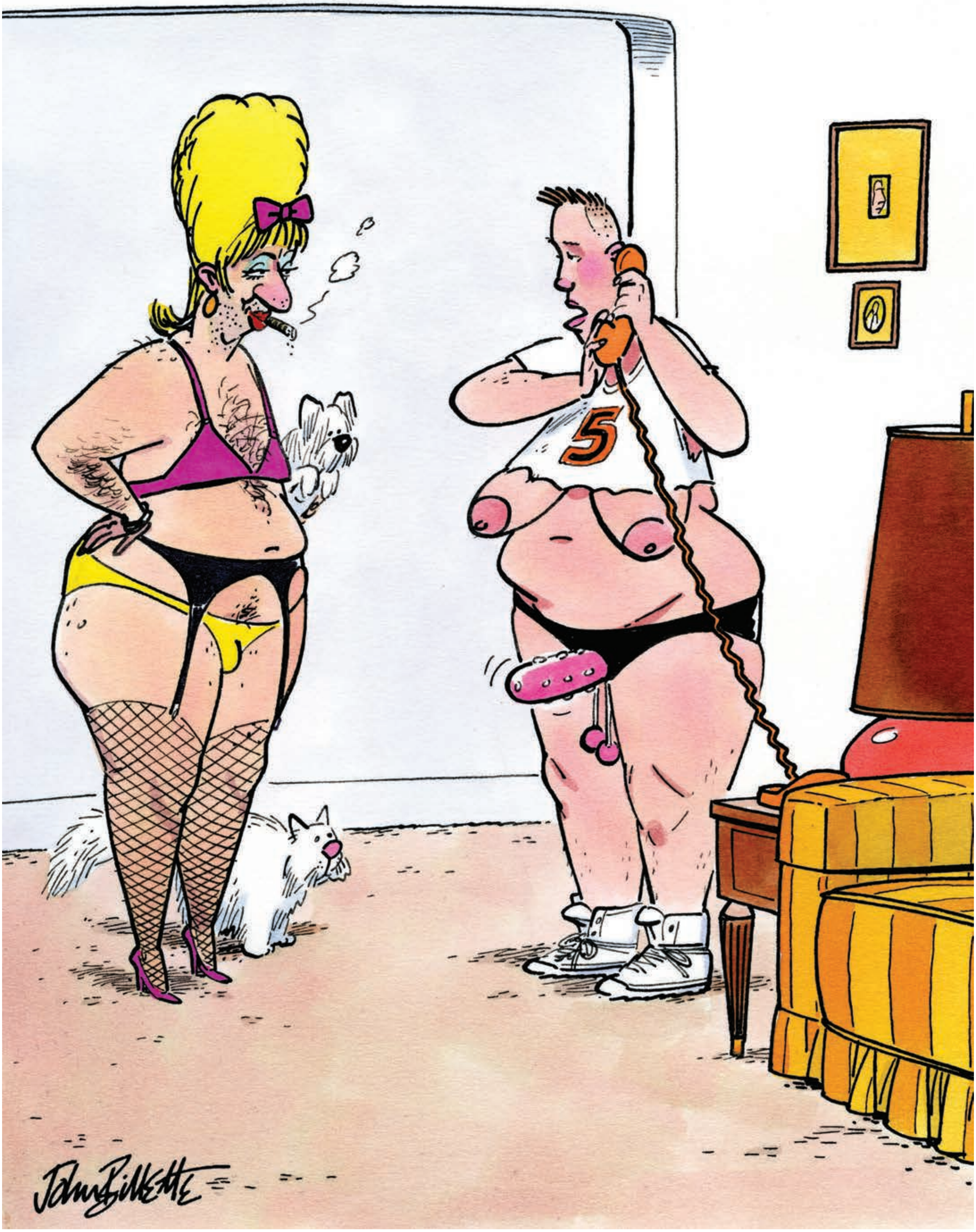
In one corner of the basement the sexy squirrel who had given the consent speech had apparently agreed to be tied to a bondage bench and have her gorgeous ass flogged by a guy in a "liger" outfit (you know, half lion/half tiger), while next to them Lady M—she of the "living a sexual revolution" speech—was simultaneously cuddling and dominating a thin young man in lilac women's panties. René, the Villa resident with a penchant for polyamory and a "high libido," was adorned in a sheer white blouse, white boy shorts and furry white knee-length leg warmers atop high-top gold sneakers. René said he'd been aiming to dress like a "white nymph in the forest," but came across instead more like some Prince redux, a sexy imp exuding considerable charm. If earlier René had explained that what he loved about Hacienda was that it allowed him to "be fully self-expressed in his sexuality," that ambiguous phrase was made more clear at the party when our hero entered a scenario where he—depending on your perspective—either made sweet, sweet love to a darling married couple or cuckolded the fuck out of some guy's wife.

Andrew and Beth Sparksfire may have been too busy banging in their Forest of Fantasies to fully appreciate what they had wrought, but to this reporter's eyes, it was a sight to behold: Hacienda was clearly a community of open, warmhearted and welcoming people who also liked to get together from time to time to do some filthy fucking. "We want to intentionally expand the community," Beth had told me earlier. "We want to make this available to as many people as possible while also maintaining our values, whether that is practicing consent or respecting people's kinks, sexual preferences or gender-expression preferences."

"We want to create an environment where people can explore their sexuality and be authentic to who they are," Andrew concluded, "always welcoming all gender and sexual orientations."

HUSTLER most definitely approves.

For more information about the Hacienda lifestyle, check out WeAreHacienda.com. H



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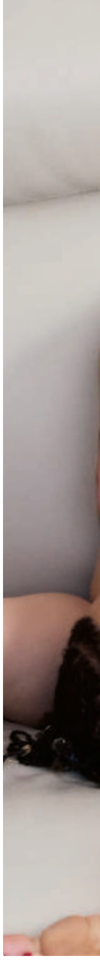
MY STEPMOM'S IN HEAT

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: CANDICE DARE, SARAH VANDELLA, RILEY REYES, BECKY BANDINI, CODEY STEELE, DONNY SINS, NATHAN BRONSON & JAKE ADAMS.

Back in the day, having a parent drop you off at school was a source of major embarrassment to a self-conscious youth. These days, with shame quickly going the way of the appendix as a vestigial human trait, things have apparently changed. Judging from *My Stepmom's in Heat*, not even a stepmother in full-blown, raging estrus is enough to make a modern lad blush—unless it's from the exertion of plowing said stepmother into a quivering pile of MILF-flesh. With her daughter going off to college, golden-skinned blonde Candice Dare is suffering from empty-nest syndrome. Dare's nest doesn't stay empty for long. Pouncing on her stepson like a lioness on a gazelle, she ravenously gobbles down his cock before riding him with ass cheek-clapping gusto. Top-heavy beauty Sarah Vandella can't help but notice her snooping stepson's curiosity about her ample-jugged frame, so she gives him an anatomy lesson on the well-seasoned female form. The erotic shenanigans take a dark turn in a scene starring fine-featured blonde Riley Reyes. Ghosted by a deadbeat dad, Reyes and her stepson find themselves in dire financial straits and on the brink of homelessness. It's a particularly grim setup for a sex scene, but Reyes and her stepson manage to fuck their cares away. Could this signal a new beginning for them? Guess we'll have to wait for the sequel to find out. In the meantime, *My Stepmom's in Heat* will give you plenty to warm up to. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**



BECKY BANDINI

RILEY REYES

SARAH VANDELLA

CANDICE DARE

GIANNA DIOR

GIANNA DIOR &
JILL KASSIDY

ULTIMATE FUCK TOY: GIANNA DIOR

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** JULES JORDAN. **STARRING:** GIANNA DIOR, JILL KASSIDY, DREDD, MANUEL FERRARA, MARKUS DUPREE, JULES JORDAN & STEVE HOLMES.

Building an entire video around a single performer would seem to be a dicey proposition, but if you're going to shove your all into one basket, Gianna Dior is a fine receptacle—a lithe, tight-bodied brunette with a game approach to any number of carnal adventures. And as the *Ultimate Fuck Toy*, Dior is put through a variety of sexual paces to keep the viewer's attention at full mast. After an unnecessary bit of suggestive writhing, Dior is approached by monster-donged brother Dredd, whose ebony lap lance would put a Clydesdale to shame. Dredd's endowment is roughly the length and width of Dior's forearm, and she practically has to unhinge her jaw to wrap her mouth around it. Just as impressive is the way Dior climbs aboard the beefy obelisk and rides it like a pogo stick. Dior then gets manhandled and mauled by Manuel Ferrara, who drills her silly with his usual brutish panache. An S&M-tinged scene that adds Jill Kassidy and Jules Jordan to the mix follows, with a cuffed-and-collared Dior taking clothespins to her nipples and Jordan's cock to her twat until her eyes roll back in her head. Rougher still is Dior's scene with Steve Holmes, who smacks her tit buds and pussy with a crop before jamming her conch. *Ultimate Fuck Toy: Gianna Dior* is a worthy plaything. **—P.D.R.**

KENNA JAMES

AXEL BRAUN'S DIRTY BLONDES 3

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: KENNA JAMES, VANESSA CAGE, KENZIE TAYLOR, RILEY STAR & EMMA HIX.

Did you hear about the two blondes who fell into a hole? One asked, "It's dark in here, isn't it?" and the other responded, "I don't know. I can't see." But seriously—*Axel Braun's Dirty Blondes 3* is no joke, despite the endless comedic jabs that have been thrown at light-haired females since the dawn of humor. Towheaded cutie Kenna James has a farm girl-fresh quality and modest tits—which are probably the only modest things about her. James pounds her face on her partner's prong before taking a drubbing to her girl gulch, her skin flushing with arousal as her twat gets hammered into next week. Fair-headed, busty bombshell Vanessa Cage wraps her billowing milk mounds around her fuck buddy's boner for a spirited titty-hump, his cock disappearing in her expansive cleavage like a plane entering the Bermuda Triangle. On the more petite end of the spectrum, bright-eyed, diminutive Riley Star gets worked over like a rag doll in the hands of a psycho with serious anger issues. Slender and statuesque, Emma Hix shows off a gymnast's flexibility as she's put through a ferocious fuck. At times it seems like Hix's pussy is about to be pulled inside out by her partner's fervent plunging. It's a feral fuck that, if you squint, could be mistaken for an MMA match. *Axel Braun's Dirty Blondes 3* will leave viewers putting a chokehold on their meat masts. **—P.D.R.**

VANESSA CAGE

EMMA HIX

RILEY STAR

KENZIE TAYLOR

ROMI RAIN

GROUP GROUPIE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

HUSTLER holds a special place in my family. Fun fact—my mom was featured in a HUSTLER publication back in the day! Because she modeled, she had to be okay with my career choice, so that made things pretty easy for me. I moved to L.A. from the East Coast right after I turned 18, got into modeling and realized that I *love* being naked in front of a camera. It brings me joy to turn people on, and I make sure to hit the gym constantly to keep my body tight for my fans.

"One of my favorite perks of working is getting to travel a lot. I love meeting people, and I'm a sucker for group sex in exotic locations. The more, the merrier. But when I'm fucking just one cock, I need the sex to be intense. Like if he's going at me in doggy, I want that dick to go deep!"

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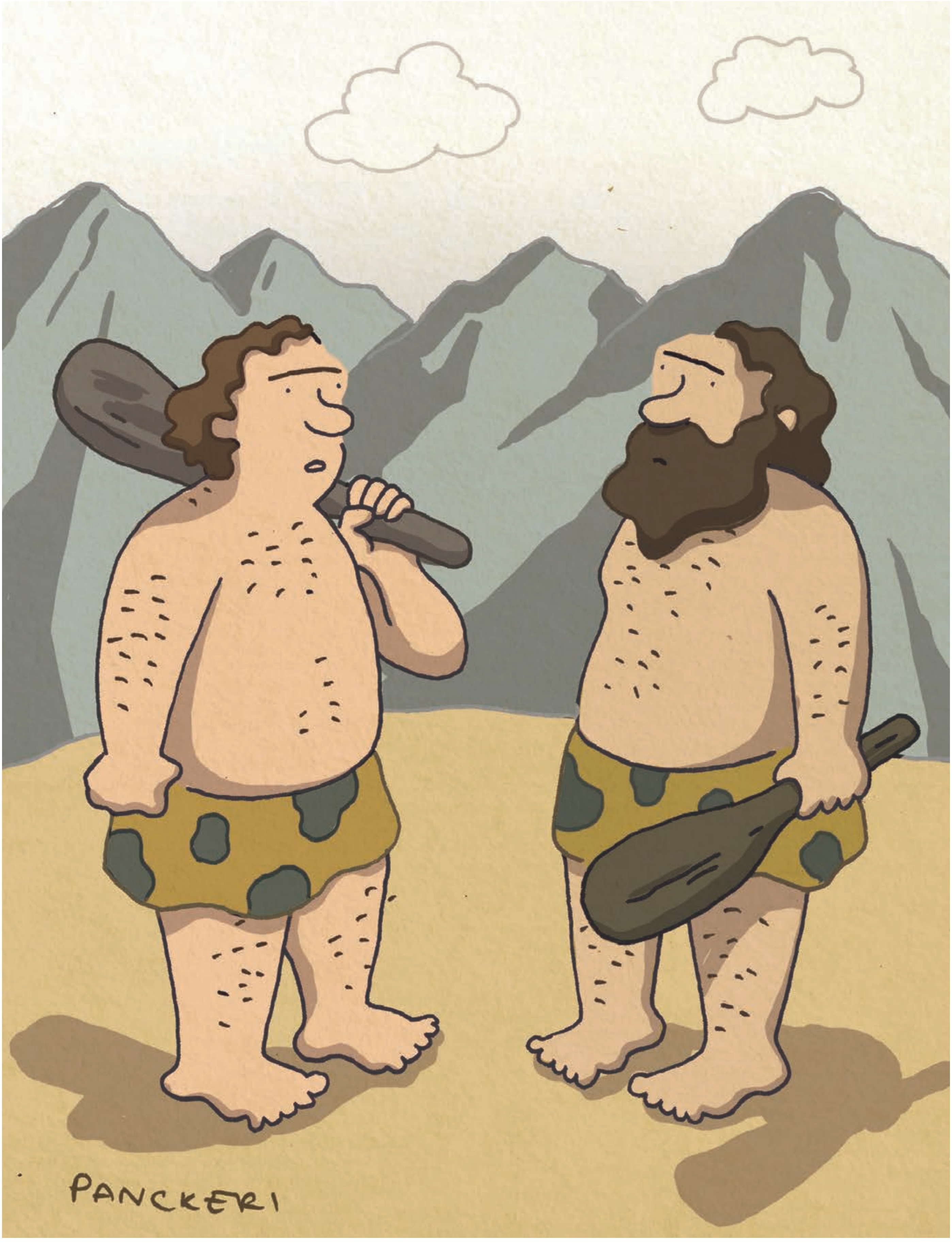

"Sure, we could litigate this matter, or we could just club each other over the head until there's a clear winner in this dispute."

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AJA MERCURY

"I'm the sexiest chameleon you'll ever meet," raves Aja Mercury, 20, from El Paso, Texas. "I have two main passions—art and sex—and I love combining them. I'm an accomplished ceramics artist and a polyamorous sex worker devoted to all aspects of pleasure." Rounding out her résumé, the 5-foot-6 jazz aficionada reveals, "I'm also an amateur pole-dancer, avid reader—novels to comics—college student and amazing cook. One of my specialties is best served to a lover in my bed—*coq au vin*, a French braised chicken dish smothered with red wine, lardons [fatty bacon cubes], mushrooms and garlic." Aja, who caters to hard-ons and all sorts of role-play in the bedroom, is proud of what she does as a sex partner: "I call myself a whore," Aja avows. "It's not to degrade or disrespect myself. That is what I am, and there is a power in owning your titles."

—Photos by Tony F.

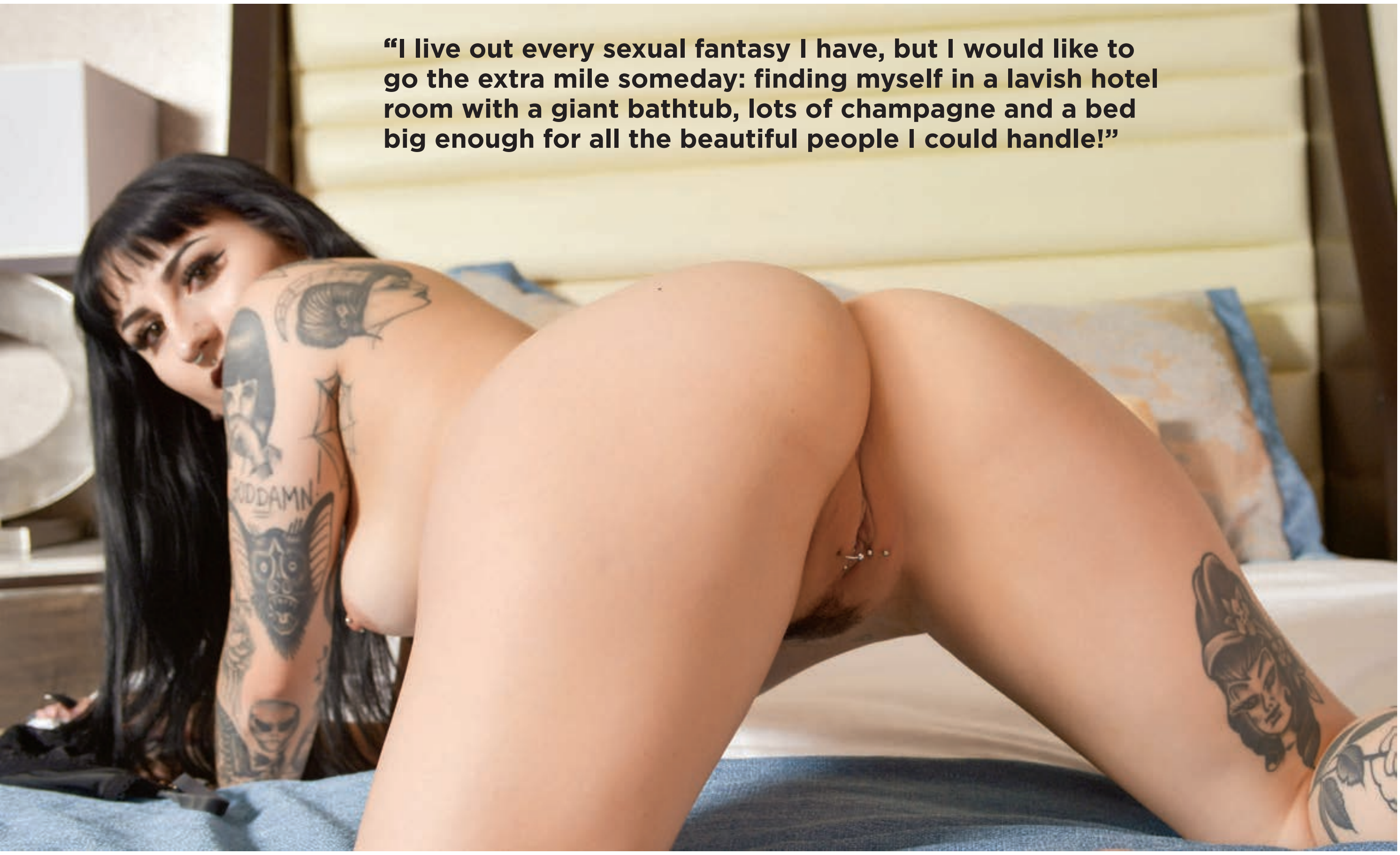
Twitter: @AjaMercury

“Come taste the fruit of my lips and the sweet flesh of my body. My soul longs for your company and electric touches.”

Twitter: @AmberAmidala

AMBER AMIDALA

“I’m introverted and shy at first, but I really open up once you get to know me,” says Amber Amidala, 22, a permanent makeup artist, massage therapist and online content creator from Santa Rosa, California. “I’m down-to-earth and humble.” But at times Amber will gladly toss those traits aside. “I feel most comfortable in front of a camera while naked,” the 5-foot-2 tattoo-and-piercing enthusiast fesses up. “It’s empowering!”Amber delves into a pair of her favorite pastimes: “I play some sort of video game on a daily basis, and I’m very involved in my local metal scene. My musical tastes are a bit all over the place, from Spite, Degrader and In Hearts Wake to Pouya and $uicideboy$.” Amber adds, “I just finished reading *The Ethical Slut: A Practical Guide to Polyamory, Open Relationships and Other Freedoms in Sex and Love*. I’m not terribly monogamous, and my sexual orientation is a tricky thing. I like who I like regardless of genitals or gender. I’m definitely into passionate, intimate sex, and I absolutely love putting my split tongue to use while sucking dick.” Amber is also a staunch sex worker advocate. “I’m passionate about the full decriminalization of the consensual sex trade,” she asserts. “Criminal penalties bring harm to workers of every stripe, especially those most vulnerable—members of the LGBT+ community and people of color—while fostering violence and exploitation.” *—Photos by Tony F.*



"I live out every sexual fantasy I have, but I would like to go the extra mile someday: finding myself in a lavish hotel room with a giant bathtub, lots of champagne and a bed big enough for all the beautiful people I could handle!"

Instagram: @Instastrippa

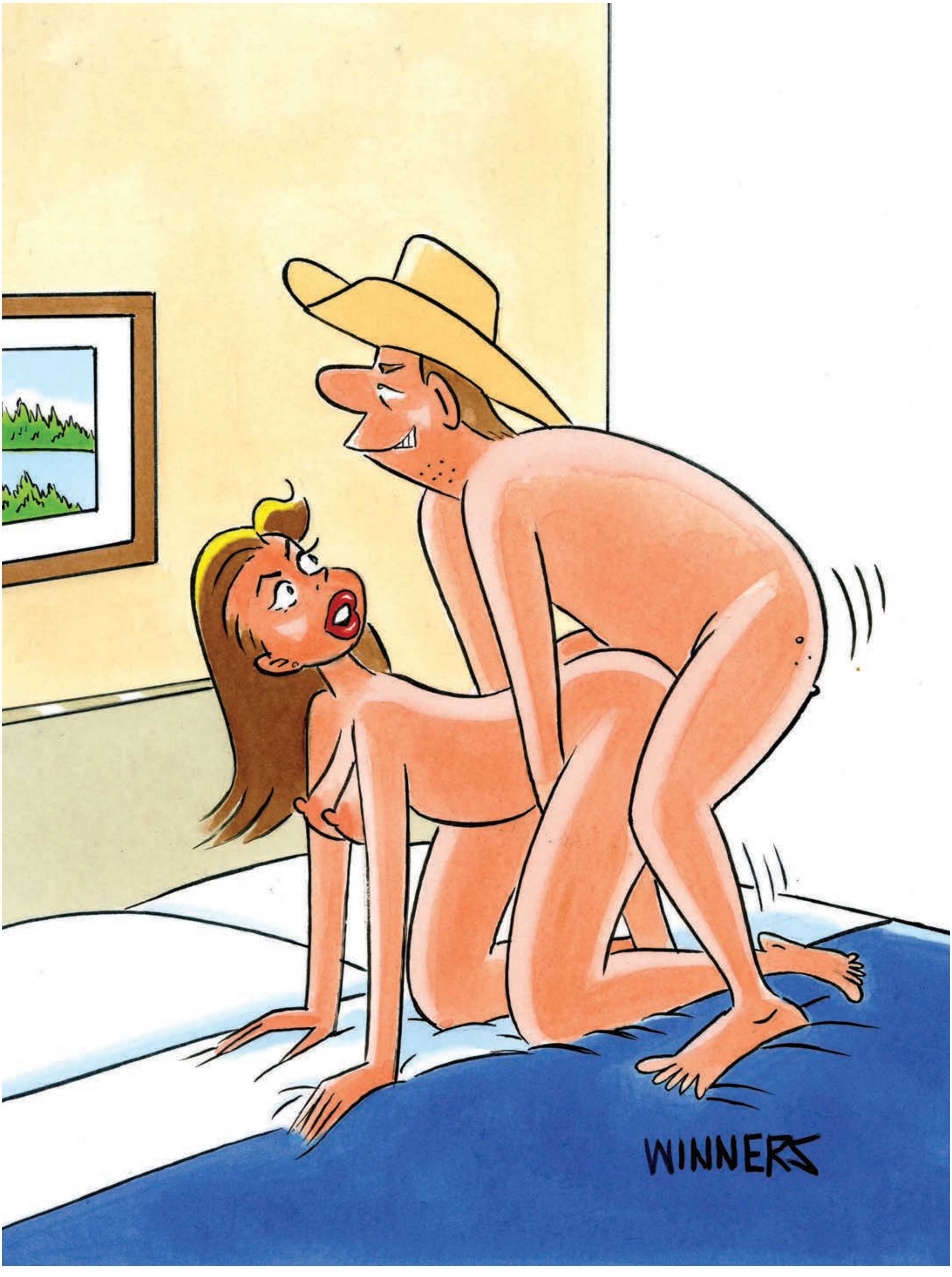
ROSALYN RAE

“Being in *Beaver Hunt* seemed like a fun way to do something way out there,” proclaims Rosalyn Rae, 21, an exotic dancer from Akron, Ohio. “I’m unbashful and pretty open-minded.” The 5-foot-4 skin-mag rookie relishes her role as provocative eye candy. “I’ll assume that your readers will be touching themselves when they see my pictures,” she remarks. “Hey, I sure love playing with myself.” Rosalyn’s favorite clothed pastime is spending time with her critters, and she also enjoys watching the TV series *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, nibbling on Bella snacks and listening to Landon Tewers, MGMT, Tame Impala and Rezz. As for sex, Rosalynn notes, “I’m mostly straight, but I don’t like the same old same old. I’ve hooked up with women, the most daring place I had sex was a national park, and I have a threesome behind me. It was a very solid time, but I wasn’t sure what to focus on.”

—Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio

“My way-out-there fantasy? Gangbangs look like fun!”

AMATEUR EXHIBITIONISTS 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER: For info on how to be a *Beaver Hunt* model, go to **HustlerMagazine.com/#!submit-photos** or send an email to **BeaverHunt@LFP.com**. Every gal whose pics are printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a nude pictorial worth up to $2,500.



“Hey, watch it, cowboy! You’re riding up the wrong canyon, partner!”

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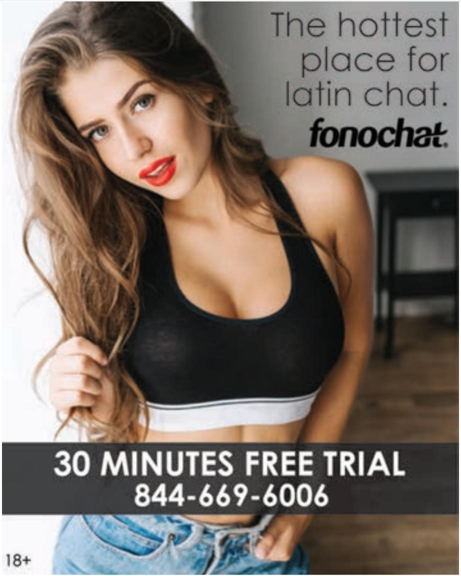
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BY LARRY FLYNT
My Wife and I TRIED SWINGING
ANNY AURORA CHLOE CHERRY
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See *ANNY AURORA* on p.60-71!

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HUSTLER
I FUCKED MY MOTHER-IN-LAW ON MY WEDDING NIGHT
LACY LENNON BECKY BANDINI

HV3149

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EMMA STARLETTO
CREAMPIED MY SECRETARY
VERONICA VALENTINE HONEY BLOSSOM PETRA BLAIR
B. SKOW

HV3145

HUSTLER
Naughty Asian NEIGHBORS
SHARON LEE EMBER SNOW
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HV3140

HUSTLER
BY LARRY FLYNT
My Stepmom's in Heat
BECKY BANDINI SARAH VANDELLA
CANDICE DARE RILEY REYES
B. SKOW

NEW TITLE!

HV3156

See *ROMI RAIN* on p.90-93!

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THIS AIN'T THE EXPENDABLES XXX
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THIS IS A PARODY
3-D GLASSES INCLUDED

HV0356

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HV0304

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SLUTTY NURSES

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HV0227

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H0320

VIDEO#	*QTY*	*PRICE/EA*	*VIDEO#*	*QTY*	*PRICE/EA*
HV3152		$29.95	HV3140		$29.95
HV3148		$29.95	HV3156		$29.95
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SUBTOTAL: $

SHIPPING: $ $7.00

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5 2 2 5 6 3 3

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B029

WHY DONTCHA
BURY YO FACE IN MY BIG...
1-800
BLACK
2 5 2 2 5
ASS!
2 7
TIGHT, BLACK PUSSY BABY!!
1-800
DARK
3 2 7 5
TWAT
8 9 2

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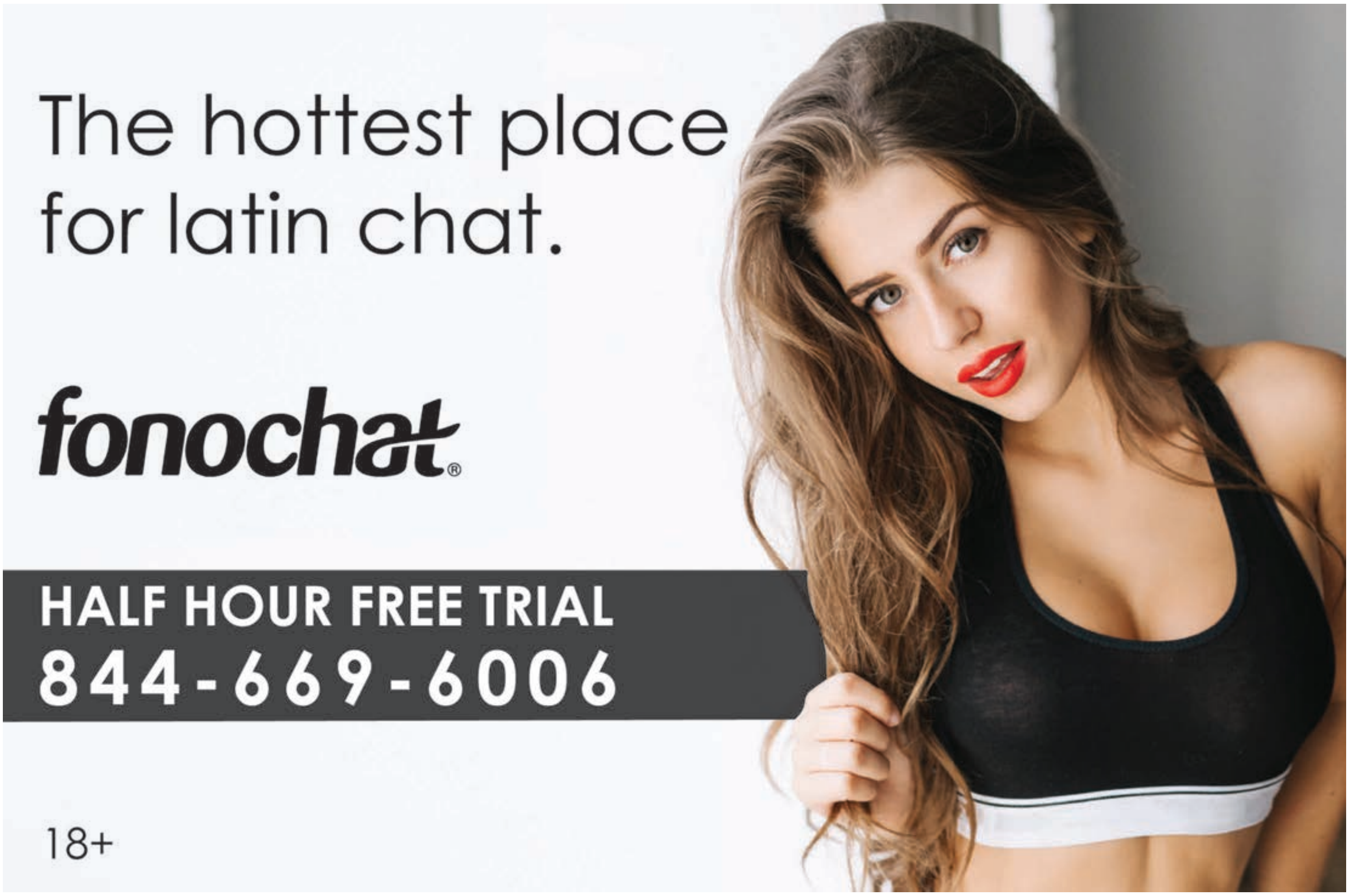
B017



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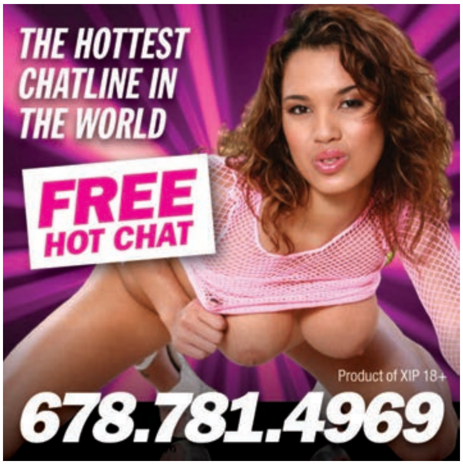

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B036
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oxox
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89¢
PER MIN!
I'm waiting!
B028H

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1-800-TO-WHORE

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TEXT "FUCK" to **1-801 HUSTLER**

4 8 7 8 5 3 7

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18+

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29 NAUGHTY AMATEURS
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BBH191

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Options Send Clear

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LIVE! 1 on 1

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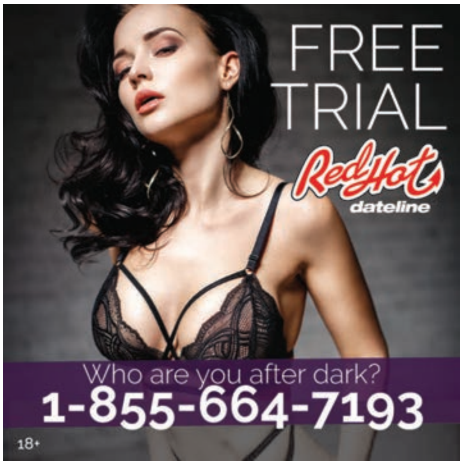

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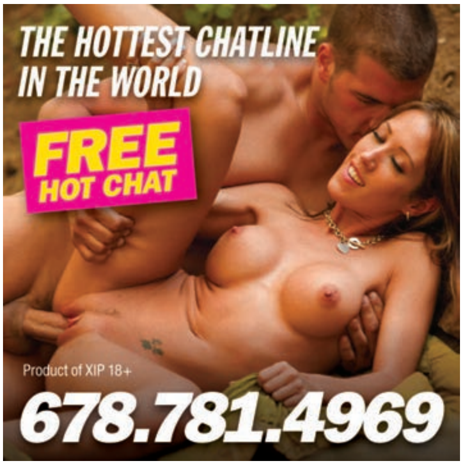
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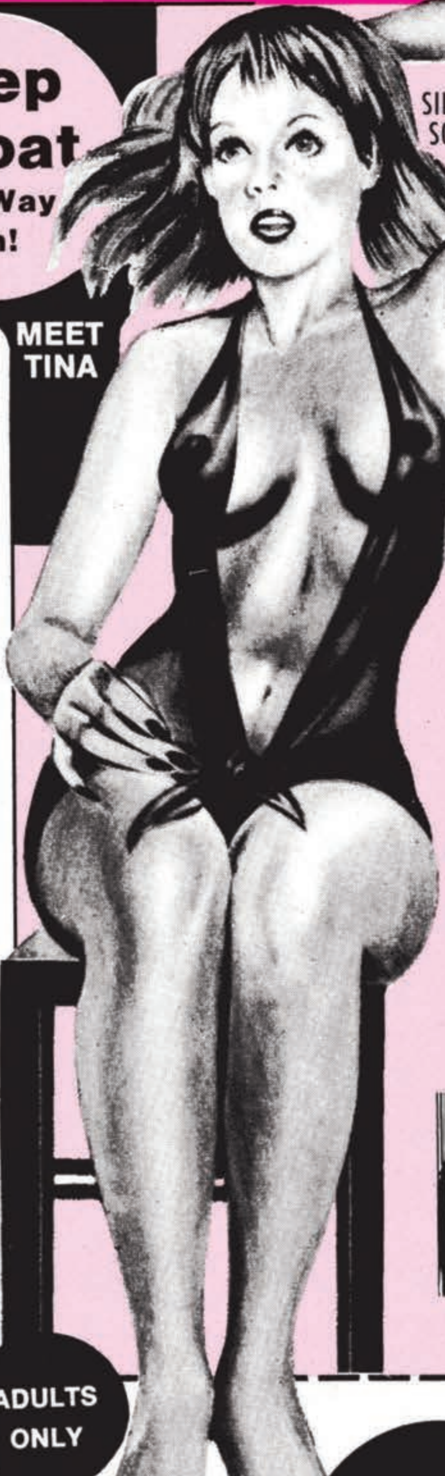

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TINA and LAURA are unlike any other dolls in the world. Designed and built for one of the largest European sex novelty companies, they are now available in the United States. Other companies are featuring big stuffed cushions in the shape of dolls, but that is about all they feel and look like, stuffed cushions. Why settle for less? Order from the company that originated the love dolls over 10 years ago. See for yourself what 10 years of research has done to the love doll. Only teenage TINA and her big sister LAURA contain the amazing exclusive form that expands *AFTER* you receive your exclusive love doll. This amazing breakthrough gives both TINA and LAURA the most life like qualities possible in a LIFE SIZE DOLL. Your playgirl comes complete with the built-in features.

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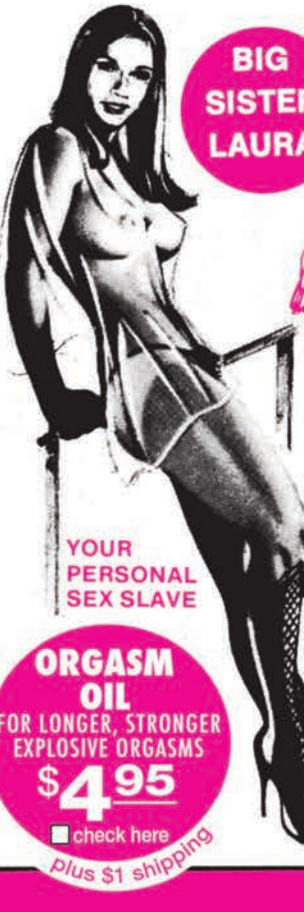

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NEW FUTUROTIC MATERIAL

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LACEY

STREAMING FOR VENGEANCE

HUSTLER CLASSIC
JANUARY 2002

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CLIVE McLEAN

Lacey is a golden lady in more ways than one. “I piss on the carpet after closing time,” the club hostess admits. “The owners deserve it!” Pulling a huge white dildo from her sopping gash, **Lacey** empties her bladder onto the floor and laughs. “After all the shit I take from those uptight, rich fucks, they’re lucky I don’t take a leak in the margarita mix!”

SOON

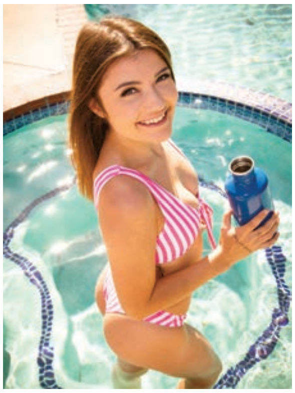
THE APRIL ISSUE GOES ON SALE FEBRUARY 11, 2020 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

KATHY GRIFFIN

Reporter T.S. Farley recently caught up with the salty stand-up in an undisclosed Brooklyn location (better safe than sorry, eh?) to talk about that little spot of bother with Trump, Quentin Tarantino, Seinfeld and her highly acclaimed film: *Kathy Griffin: A Hell of a Story*. Photography by Marius Bugge.

FOREPLAY WITH ADRIA RAE

In a behind-the-screen exclusive we discover that this intensely popular porn star plays violin and even golfs. We spend the day with Rae to discuss her new role as a director, the changing industry and to put a (gasp) rumor to rest. Interview by Andy Parker. Photography by Victor Lightworship.



2020 BEAVER OF THE YEAR

Readers cast their ballots, the votes have been tallied, and we have a winner—by a veritable landslide. Announcing our 2020 Beaver of the Year, Ryan Taylor! We flew this gorgeous grand-prize winner to L.A. for a sizzling ten-page photoshoot! Don't miss it in our April issue.

BROOKLYN GRAY

BARELY LEGAL FANTASY!
😍❤😍
HEY DADDY! CALL ME!
I'VE BEEN SO BAD. SPANK ME?
CALL! 1-800 TEEN ASS
8 3 3 6 2 7 7
CALL! 1-800 TEEN SEX!
8 3 3 6 7 3 9
HD VOICE
CALL NOW!
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800 TO-WHORE
8 6 9 4 6 7 3
UM, I'M REALLY TIGHT!

ADULTS 18+ ONLY. Most major credit cards accepted & check by phone. As low as $0.89 to $5.99 /min. Premium & access fees may apply.

B057 ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

CAUTION! HOTTEST CAUTION
★★★★★
FIVE-STAR
FANTASY
FULFILLMENT!
1-800 JACK OFF
5225 633
SLUTTY MILFS
CHEATING WIVES
TIGHT TEENS
GIRLS NEXT DOOR
LINGERIE LESBIANS
BISEXUAL BABES
READY 4 U NOW!
1-800 BIG-TITS
2448487
CAUTION PHONE SEX EVER! CAUTION
B059

ADULTS 18+ ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED & CHECKS BY PHONE. PRICES WILL VARY DEPENDING ON MENU SELECTION. THERE MAY BE A SMALL, ONE TIME CONNECTION FEE.